

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 1, 1965

35 CENTS

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AMERICAN EXPRESS

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Next week

"PIG, SODEY!" may become a fashionable cry as Arkansas lives up to its reputation as a new college football dynasty. Dan Jenkins takes you inside Frank Broyles' powerhouse.

FALCONRY—which is an art as well as a sport—is attracting new devotees. Writer Duffan Barnes and Artist Francis Golden report the simplicity and poetry of a U.S. field trail.

SPORTS NETWORK seldom beds with NBC, CBS and ABC, but this one-man enterprise is unrivaled in the number of events televised and the hours of sports put on the air.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Garry Ball

Sports Illustrated

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In one of the early issues of this magazine there was an essay about the songs that undergraduates sing to inspire their teams to victory—the eye-opening anthem of Rice, *Owls! Awake and Sing*, the stirring fight song of Texas Christian, *Horned Frogs, We Are All for You*, and the classic composition of Clemson, *Where the Blue Ridge Yawns Its Greatness*. By taking a very look at such tenuous dedication, the writer (Martin Kane) was sounding some notes on which we have often rung the changes. Even when it is putting on its most serious front, sport is a rich though demanding field for the humorist. In this week's issue the point is made twice over. On page 24 Artist Roy McKie depicts certain verities of hockey, one of them being that it isn't so much the prospect of seeing the puck in the goal but the Band-Aid on the brow that attracts crowds. And on page 68 Bill Gilbert faults the line of fishing purists by claiming you can do better angling with a coffeepot than with a casting rod. The lively techniques of both McKie and Gilbert are long-familiar to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers, McKie having caricatured half a dozen games and gamesmen and Gilbert having warned us of his tendencies years ago when he proposed a piece entitled *Beasts in the Ladies Room and Other Beastly Stories*.

One of the reasons sport lends itself to humor is that it is among the least inhibited activities of men. Competitors tend to forget themselves in the name of their quest. Thus, Robert Boyle, describing a football game a year ago between Texas and Pennsylvania high school teams, could call it the best free-for-all "since Frankenstein met The Wolf Man. The teams played as though they were fighting over a bone instead of the ball." Then there was the determination of the New Jersey man Coles Phinizy told of in a story on illegal devices used by hunters. He carried a set of antlers in his car so that he could shoot a doe and then fasten the antlers

on its head. Unfortunately for him, in the excitement of the kill he put one antler on backward. And it was 10 years ago that Robert Coughlan wrote a pioneering assessment of pool hustlers and champions, and detailed the ploy of one Onofrio Lauri who was said to use his bald head as a reflector, bending down so that the light from his glistening dome flashed into his opponent's eyes.

We have also learned that the type of people who set off on adventures are, by definition, the kind that have comical misadventures. We often report on the deeds of the first, but it is with considerable relish that we occasionally get to tell about the second, too. It was Gilbert, again, who went on safari in the Mexican "wilderness," but discovered the route was so well staked out by eager Mexican guides that all one had to do was follow the chewing-gum wrappers. And it was Jack Olson who was sent to Surinam on the theory it was a hunter's paradise, only to find that it is the hunter who gets pursued. But he did fend off the snakes and the army ants long enough to accept the local tourist bureau's suggestion that he see a ceremonial dance by seminude native maidens (this was before every San Francisco bar began offering the same act). Olson informed our readers that "when you've seen two you've seen 'em all."

So we have offered, and will continue to offer, all the humor we can find in the fields we look into. Occasionally, we will even abet the writer's cause in a small way. There was much mirth in George Plimpton's account of his brief life as a Detroit Lion quarterback, which was published under the headline, *Zero of the Lions*. But an anonymous caption writer (oh, we know who he is, but we're not telling) provided the last sardonic chuckle. A photograph showed the sad quarterback walking away from his game. The line beneath it read: "Nothing had been expected of zero, but somehow he had done even less."



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GT

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"He's a gentleman;
look at his boots."

George Bernard Shaw, "Pygmalion"



Wellington lined boot \$22

Bates Shoe Company, Webster, Massachusetts

SCORECARD

BOON IN THE SUBURBS

For the past six months it has been illegal to buy a rifle, shotgun or pistol in Philadelphia without a police permit. The would-be hunter must supply photographs of himself, fill out a form, be fingerprinted and wait at least 20 days for police to find out if he is a criminal, an alcoholic or a nut. Has this reduced crime? At this stage, no police official will say so. For one thing, any would-be buyer can go to a nearby suburb and buy his gun there. It is illegal to bring the weapon back into Philadelphia without a permit, but hundreds must be doing just that because gun sales in the city are off as much as 90% in some stores and there is no evidence that Philadelphians have given up hunting or target shooting to that extent.

"Actually," said Chief Inspector Harry Fox, "we already have had more homicides than in all of 1964 and from the top of my head I'd guess that about 40% involved guns. But the number of homicides has kept climbing every year and we have no way of knowing whether this year's rate is any lower than it would have been without our effort to keep guns out of the hands of irresponsible persons."

As of mid-October, 1,472 permits had been issued (gun sales previously averaged 2,600 a month) and 43 applicants were turned down. A J.C. Penney store in the suburbs reported it is selling twice as many weapons as it did before the Philadelphia law went into effect.

It would not take a Philadelphia lawyer to prove that this law has been about as effective as the 18th Amendment.

RED TAPE ON THE GREEN

There is a possibility that Jack Nicklaus can never become a Class A member of the Professional Golfers' Association of America—and thus never be able to play on the U.S. Ryder Cup team or be eligible for the Vardon Trophy. The trophy is awarded to the PGA member with the lowest scoring average for 80 rounds or more of "official" PGA tournament play in each calendar year.

Nicklaus has been competing on the PGA tournament circuit as an "approved tournament player" for the past four years while fulfilling his five-year probationary period for Class A membership. But this year he will be unable to compete in the minimum of 25 PGA events required in each of the probationary years because, when he mapped out his tournament schedule for 1965, he included the scheduled Miami Beach Open as the 25th and last of his required tournaments. But the Miami Beach event was canceled (the sponsors were unable to come up with the \$55,000 purse) and Jack found that his crowded itinerary for the rest of the year would permit him to make no substitutions.

Last week he asked the 14-man executive committee of the PGA to make an exception in his case. If it should rule against him, it probably means that he will never become a Class A member of the PGA. Because, like Arnold Palmer and Gary Player, he plans to play in considerably fewer U.S. tournaments in the future. Nicklaus has made a real effort in the past four years to meet the PGA requirement and become a Class A member.

Something must be wrong in a system that would keep the country's best golfer from full membership in his own PGA.

A FEW BLOWS FOR HISTORY

The legend that David slew Goliath will never die, though there is Biblical authority that it was an unknown named Elhanan who did the giant in. Tales of the skills and might of old-time prizefighters are equally persistent, but a young iconoclast named Jim Jacobs, who is, incidentally, world handball champion, knocked some of them out of the ring last week. A chronic collector of old fight movies, Jacobs has put together for national distribution a picture called *Knockout*, in which scenes from such famed fights as Jack Johnson vs. Stanley Ketchel (1909), Johnson vs. Jess Willard (1915) and Benny Leonard vs. Lew Teller (1922) are shown. Some have never before been screened in a theater.

Fascinating and often exciting, the movie will embarrass those proud guffers who long have bemoaned the modern generation's lack of the oldtimers' boxing skills. It reveals Jack Johnson, vaunted as history's "greatest heavyweight," to have been a clumsy swinger who hit Ketchel from such a tanglefooted stance that he fell over him. Johnson and Willard, it appears, were able to go 26 rounds in Havana, with the temperature at more than 100°, mostly because they stood around with hands down, facing each other from a very safe distance.

As for Benny Leonard, rated in sporting history as one of the great scientific boxers, he did a great deal of fancy dancing out of range but when he closed with his opponent it was to deliver the roundhouse swing of a club fighter.

If those were the glory days of prizefighting, one must wonder why.

SIMPLE SOLUTION

At Chattanooga's municipal golf course a demoralizing addition has been made to *The Rules of Golf*. The city commission, swamped with complaints from home owners along the first fairway that wild-flying golf balls were bombarding their houses, did what city commissions



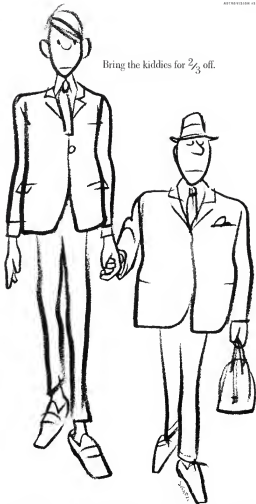
do. They passed a law, or an ordinance or something. At any rate, as golfers approach the first tee they are confronted with a big sign. NO SLICING ALLOWED, it says.

SEBAGO STARTS BACK

When we reported (SCORECARD, July 13, 1963) the decline of salmon fishing in Maine's Sebago Lake, where the world-record landlocked salmon was taken in

concluded

Bring the kiddies for $\frac{2}{3}$ off.



If he's Little Billy to you, he's Little Billy to us and you can bring him along for next to nothing.

In our book, "little" means under 22. (You have to grow up *sometime*.)

The only string is that your wife go along, too—and we'll take $\frac{1}{3}$ off her fare. (If only one parent goes, Billy

gets the $\frac{1}{3}$ off and his brothers get the $\frac{2}{3}$ off.) So one out of three of you flies for nothing.

Now, the fares we're talking about are already just about the lowest jet fares we have—our Royal Coachman seats.

But we might point out that Royal

Coachman includes a movie on Astrovision, beverages, lunch or dinner and any number of other little services. We never, never call Royal Coachman the "cheap seats."

These fares are good Monday noon to Friday noon, but please don't wait. (When Billy's 22, the deal's off.)

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SCORECARD *continued*

1907, and attributed the decline to indiscriminate spraying with DDT, the state legislature (which had rejected several pesticide regulation proposals) was shaken and hotel and camp owners around the big lake were jarred. Angry speeches were made and abusive letters were written, most especially to us. Now, says Ronald T. Speers, Maine fish and game commissioner, "On the whole, the \$11 price was a good thing for Sebago."

"It got the camp owners and others around the lake to cooperate wholeheartedly in stopping spraying with DDT," Speers said. The proof of this statement is in the fishing. Spraying around Sebago was stopped entirely in the summer of 1964, and this spring the legislature passed a moderate pesticide control bill. Last week Richard Anderson, fish and game biologist, issued figures showing that Sebago salmon, which had been falling off in size and weight since 1958, have taken a sudden turn for the better.

Last year 40% of the salmon netted at a fish hatchery were less than 14 inches long. In a sampling this year all were above 14 inches. Average weight for 4-year-old salmon checked last year was 15 ounces. This year it was 29 ounces. The DDT content in the stomachs of Sebago salmon is about 55% of what it has been, and the drop is expected to continue. Smelt, a favorite food of salmon, are on the increase, where previously they had been "literally sprayed with DDT" during their spawning runs. In 1963 only 38% of salmon netted had smelt in their stomachs. Last year the figure increased to 70% and is expected to be between 80% and 90% this year.

POETIC KNOCKOUT

When the Roman Catholic challenger, Floyd Patterson, expressed his contempt for Black Muslims in these pages recently (SI, Oct. 11), the Black Muslim champion, Muhammad Ali, whose ring name is Cassius Clay, refused to reply. "I ain't no fool," he said. "I ain't going to talk against the Pope." Besides, he added, some of his best friends are Catholics.

Now he has reconsidered and has answered Patterson, characteristically, in verse that has verve:

*I am going to put Floyd flat on her back
So that he will start thinking black.*

*Because when he was champ he didn't do as he should,
He tried to force himself into an all-white neighborhood.
And when he and his family finally were disgraced,
He had to find himself another place.
Now he wants to make Sweden his home:*

Anything to keep from accepting his own.

From reading Sports Illustrated you really do not understand.

You have been talking like an ignorant man

*You were really deaf, dumb and blind,
Wanting my title because I love my own kind.*

Now for all the wrong you have said and done.

This fight could be all over in Round One.

And when the fight is over, you will hear the referee shout,

"That's all, folks, this rabbit is out!"

For Patterson it will be an embarrassing fight.

Then he will have to return to his beard that night.

The night of November 22 in Las Vegas should be an interesting one. Especially Round One.

SURVIVAL OF THE BIGGEST

"The animals went in two by two," runs the old song about Noah and his ark and it could apply just as well to the National Hockey League. At a June meeting in New York to consider expansion to the West, the NHL decided that two cities—Los Angeles and St. Louis—had qual-ities (big arenas, rich backers and a likely TV market) that made them worthy of admission to major league hockey. Last week at another meeting the NHL decided that two more cities, or areas, were "acceptable"—Vancouver and San Francisco-Oakland. That left two berths to be filled in the new six-team division, and for these, said the official NHL release, "four cities remain in serious contention: Baltimore, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh."

But as Noah himself was to find out, choosing suitable species was one thing, getting the animals aboard was another. In virtually every "acceptable" NHL city, there are two or more groups competing for the franchise. A syndicate including Bing Crosby is vying with another group for the San Francisco action. Jack Kent Cooke, new owner of

continued

A man in a red cap and plaid shirt is walking through a forest, holding a rifle. The background is filled with tall trees and dense foliage, creating a sense of being deep in the wilderness.

Olin is 17,000,000 sportsmen.

Every once in a while, a man has to remind himself that he is a man, and that the world wasn't always tile bathrooms, cement pathways and crowded supermarkets.

It's then that he goes far from the voice that always seems to be telling him to clean the cellar and to be someplace at exactly 9:15 a.m.

He finds a hunk of disappearing wilderness and retreats himself with the inviting discomforts of the un-built world.

This year, some seventeen million men like this will take an honest Winchester® along for company.

It's a tradition that goes back ninety-nine years.

Introducing the tuned car. 1966 Buick.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this 1966 Electra 225.

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

What you can learn from a look. The beauty of a '66 Buick's beauty is that it goes beyond looks. Because we style the tuned car to look like a million dollars—and then build it as if looks didn't count.

So things fit on a Buick. The doors. The hood. Carpeting. You can see attention to detail wherever you look.

And things blend, too. You don't get the feeling that the rear deck doesn't belong with the grille, or that the interior doesn't really



quite fit in. That's tuned styling.

What a listen can tell you. Buick thinks building a quiet car is more than a matter of insulation. In fact, we build our cars as if insulation never existed. We remove out sound before it starts.

And when we have the car as silent as we can, we apply insulation. Just the right amount, just where it'll do the most good.

And so when you go driving, you don't hear a lot of little intrusions. But you do feel the road. We think road feel is important, in the tuned car. (Our engineers spend vast amounts of time out on the road, testing and checking and re-testing. It's said that our chief engineer won't approve a design until we build it and he or his staff can test it.)

A drive can do more. Now that you've

been introduced to the tuned car, you should meet it personally. The Electra 225 in our picture is perhaps the ultimate Buick. (It answers the question, "What do you move up to when you've been used to a Buick?") Among its standard features are power steering and brakes, Super Turbine automatic transmission and virtually everything you can think of to make driving pure pleasure.

Driving the tuned car will touch you more than you might suspect.

For one thing, you'll find out why Buick owners are so loyal. And so many.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.





Albert's Business



Cathy's Dresses



Ethel's Furniture



George's House



Isabelle's Jewelry



Ken's Life



Myron's Neighbor



Otto's Plane



Quentin's Radio



Sam's Truck



Uncle's Vacation



Willie's Xylophone



Your Zillions

your **USF&G** agent can insure them all

You can get A to Z coverage from one source . . . the kind of protection program that helps minimize overlaps or gaps . . . saving you money and giving efficient coverage. Call your USF&G agent with confidence; his experience and personal attention are always at your service. He's in the Yellow Pages . . . consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer.

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CASUALTY • FIRE • MARINE • MULTI-LINE • LIFE INSURANCE □ FIDELITY • SURETY BONDS



the Los Angeles basketball Lakers and part owner of Washington's football Redskins, wants the southern California hockey franchise—as do two other syndicates. There are competing groups in St. Louis and in Vancouver.

Because of all this, the NHL told the competing groups to work things out among themselves, after which "a combined application will receive prompt favorable action."

That leaves officials of the two top minor leagues, the American and Western, moping in the hotel corridor like sinners destined for drowning. For whatever cities get to ride the flood of major league expansion, it will surely be at the expense of the minors. Baltimore and Pittsburgh, likeliest new members of the NHL, are now mainstays of the AHL. Portland, Seattle and Victoria of the WHL probably would fold if the NHL took away their playmates. San Francisco, Vancouver and L.A.

TRIBUTE

The most sporting school administration anywhere must be at Baltimore's Cardinal Gibbons High School, which took up football two years ago and has yet to win. Gibbons was shut out seven times last year and its two-year record is 0-15. All told, it has been outscored 517 to 28.

Will Coach Jerry Cohee, then, be fired? No. Brother William Abel, S.M., school principal, declared October 22 "Mr. Cohee Day" to pay tribute "to the long and hard work that Mr. Cohee has done with the varsity football team in the past two years and his dedicated work as a layman in the school."

On "Mr. Cohee Day" Mervo High School defeated Gibbons 14-9.

Our hats are off to Brother William. Better luck next year, Mr. Cohee.

THEY SAID IT

• Chuck Studley, University of Cincinnati football coach, on Tulsa's bulky line: "They play a five-man line—six wouldn't fit across the field."

• Jim Brown, of the Cleveland Browns, a 230-pounder, after being tackled by Obert Logan, 175-pound Dallas Cowboy back, and dragging him for several yards: "Man, you just like chewing gum on my shoe."

• Jack Hart, Illinois assistant football coach, quoting Clemson's Coach Frank Howard: "I got the best offense I've ever had in my life. I just don't have the kids to run it."

END

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**Sports
Illustrated**
NOVEMBER 1, 1985

LEAP FOR THE ROSES

Purdue had all the best of it in the first half and still led at the end of the third quarter. But then Michigan State's grinding defense and crunching offense fixed Spartan eyes on Pasadena by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

It was before the game, and Jack Mollenkopf thought he was joking. He stood in the middle of Purdue's Ross-Ade Stadium with his hands in the pockets of his overcoat and a 20-mile-an-hour northwester blowing in his face. He said to Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State that the offensive team ought to get the wind advantage at all times and that the punting team, ho ho, should always have to kick into the mouth of that terrible wind. This was the biggest game of any year at Purdue, with a homecoming crowd of 62,113 trying to fit into the stadium under an eerie Indiana sky bloated with rain clouds. Even kidding, Mollenkopf could not have prepared himself for a worse nightmare if he had washed down a piece of pineapple upside-down cake with a glass of orange juice on top of a chocolate mousse and hopped right into bed.

The nightmare did not begin until the third quarter. Then Mollenkopf's quarterback, Bob Griese, renowned as a maker of miracles, punted four times into that northwester. Griese was backed up against his own goal line, and each time he kicked the ball it looked as though it were attached

continued

ART SAYS

Vaulting over straining Purdue defense, State's Howalen fullback, Bob Apas, scores from one inch out in fourth quarter to set up Spartan win.

to his foot by a string. The punts went for 17 yards, 18, 25 and, most prodigious of all, 30 yards. Each was agonizing. Before the quarter was over few were the people in Ross-Ade Stadium who did not know that Purdue's hard-chiseled 10-0 lead was in jeopardy.

Few, also, were the people who did not grieve that the year that was supposed to be Purdue's—the year of a Big Ten championship and a Rose Bowl invitation—might be ended, the Boiler-makers' heaven being definitely in the sweet by-and-by and not, as the fraternities had proclaimed fervently, on this earth. For undefeated Purdue the houses on West Lafayette's fraternity row had wrapped themselves in banners that said bravely, "Everything's Coming Up Roses!" and, "Here Lie the Rose Bowl Dreams of MSU. Died on the Day They Met Purdue." In fits of supernalysis, the local sportswriters had said, "Michigan State is a running team and Purdue is famed for its passing, but Michigan State is deemed to have a better passing team to complement its rushing than Purdue has running to complement its passing," and, "Our final advice [for Purdue] is to get out in front and improve your position."

Purdue's players may not have understood the complementing bit, but they knew how to get out in front—no matter that Michigan State was ranked second in the country. They went ahead on Griese's 20-yard field goal in the first period. They improved on it to 10-0 and they dominated the first half. With the added protection of an unbalanced line that Mollenkopf had put in especially for Michigan State, Griese completed 13 passes on sprint-outs and rolls to the strong side, eight to Split End Bob Hadrick, who surely must have two sets of everything—arms, legs, eyes. Fullback Randy Minniewar, sliding off and to the outside of the punting State line that had ground the bones of Michigan and Ohio State fullbacks before him, was a steady garner and once broke for 23 yards, longest run of the year by a Purdue back.

And the stunting, submarining Purdue line—Jim Long, Jerry Shay, Pat Conley and other flesh-eaters like them—shut off the Michigan State offense at every turn. So what is this business about a 10-0 lead being shaky?

Well, it is the old business of football and the curious initiatives and subtle

nuances that cause trends. The initiative and therefore the course of the game had subtly passed to Michigan State in the desperately windy third quarter that ended Griese's poise.

And then there was that basic of the game the coaches call "field position." Michigan State became a classic exponent of field position in the second half. Only six of the 65 offensive plays run in the second half were begun in State territory, and all six were begun by the Spartans. Purdue never got beyond its own 42 in the third quarter, never beyond its own 25 in the fourth. It never once got out of the three-down area, because it had to start from its 15-yard line, its 34 and then its 20, 9, 17 and 16, in that order.

Michigan State, on the other hand, gained possession five times in Purdue territory, usually after one of those low-comedy punts. When its offense was unable to dig out, Purdue's fast-moving defense expended energy beyond its capacity and began to flag, only a little at first and then noticeably in the fourth quarter. That was when the great slashing power of Michigan State's fine running backs—sophomore Bob Apisa, the 212-pound Hawaiian puncher Coach Daugherty disguises as a second-string fullback, and Halfback Clinton Jones—began asserting itself.

Where once they had tried to run outside of Long, who had contained them well, the Spartans now struck inside on dives and slants. No frills. Man-to-man stuff. Spartan linemen gap-blocked viciously, attacking the first men they could hit, whether they were on the line or not. Apisa and Jones were now inspired; they consistently broke tackles, as many as three on a carry, and at the end of a 50-yard drive Apisa made a swan dive from no more than an inch out into the end zone.

A two-point conversion pass by Quarterback Steve Juday cut Purdue's lead to 10-8 with nine minutes and 46 seconds to play. But Purdue had the wind at its back in the fourth period, and conditions favored it to regain the initiative. Night-mare indeed. "The play that killed us," Mollenkopf called the kickoff that followed.

Almost any kind of runback would have allowed Griese room to manipulate his offense—and it could have stood some manipulation, Purdue having pled up exactly one first down in the second

half. If he got the runback and still failed to move, Griese could at least ride the wind with his punt and Purdue would be reasonably assured that Michigan State would have to begin again deep in its own territory.

But on the kickoff Purdue's Lou Sims, bearing down on the hull, careened into the receiver, Gordon Teter. Teter stumbled as he caught the ball and went to one knee at the nine-yard line. He got up quickly and ran forward, but it was painfully obvious, even to Purdue followers, that he had touched down, and there was Purdue backed up to its goal line once more.

Still, what of it? Griese had driven the Boiler-makers 96 yards to their touchdown in the second quarter—he got it on a seven-yard pass to Flanker Jim Finley—and in games past (with Notre Dame, Michigan, Iowa) had he not performed prodigies in the fourth quarter? He had, despite the fact that he had come to Purdue a poor passer, an end-over-ender, a palm-ball thrower. Griese practiced diligently, however, and became an excellent passer, the best in the country, in the judgment of one Michigan State coach. But the frustration of the third quarter may have done him in. His second-half completions included only two inconsequential passes for a total of 14 yards, and frequently he threw poorly. He missed his last six in a row and, in short, finally was behaving like a mortal.

When Teter fell at the nine, a confident Purdue man in the press box said, "It is now time for Griese to walk on water." But, too near to his goal to throw, Griese had to call running plays, and they got only six yards. His punt went to midfield, and Drake Garrett returned it to the Purdue 39. It was the only punt Michigan State returned all day.

Now Apisa and Jones went grimly back to work and achieved a first down at the 24. At the 22, however, Juday missed a vital third-down pass, but Jack Calcatera, a defensive guard, blundered into him after the whistle and, instead of having to try a fourth-down field goal into that wind, Michigan State was happy to relocate with a first down on the Purdue 12. Behind brutal clearout blocks by Apisa and Guard John Karpinski, Jones cut back neatly and ran in from the eight for the winning touchdown.

Michigan State has now zipped

through six straight opponents, with only Northwestern, Iowa and Indiana left on its Big Ten schedule and Notre Dame after that. It would appear that the only way to keep the Spartans from the Rose Bowl would be to have Northwestern, Iowa and Indiana play them simultaneously.

This is, with a few important exceptions, the same Michigan State team that won only four games last year. If half of the coaches in the Big Ten are wondering where these big cutthroats come from, the Spartans are surprising themselves and their own coaches. "Every day in September when I'd see that schedule on the back of the scoreboard at home," recalls Line Coach Hank Bullough, "I'd about break out in a sweat. Penn State, Michigan, Ohio State. . . 'Just no way,' I'd say to myself. 'No way.'"

Daugherty says the secret ingredients are enthusiasm and the team's willingness to play up to its potential—"and, of course, some excellent coaching." Daugherty is kidding, but enthusiasm is part of it. This Michigan State team is an extremely coachable one, far more so than other Daugherty teams. Bullough is amazed continually by players streaming into his office to ask questions, to make a meal on stunts and blitzes, "and when they leave they always want to take a movie of one of the games back home to study."

The defense—a colossal mass of smew that averages out to 245 pounds a man and five scare stories for every visiting scout—not only plays together but plays around together. The regulars lift weights together and push against doors together, and over the summer they stacked on 105 pounds of muscle among them. "I think they felt they got pushed around by the other boys in the league a little too much last year," says Daugherty. Pushing how where once they were pushed, the defense left Michigan and Ohio State with minus yards rushing.

Moreover, the Spartans are a fiercely competitive bunch. End Bob Vinay has been playing on a bad knee all year. "They see him limping around, making tackles," says Bullough, "and they know they haven't the right to loaf. And they're all the time correcting each other, sometimes in no uncertain terms. Man, they yell at one another."

The captain of the defense is a 5-foot-8, 164-pound halfback named Donald



Michigan State's Clint Jones, aided by an Apisa block, cuts toward end zone and winning score.

(Jap) Japinga. You can usually spot Japinga by the way he hops and jumps and leaps around, as if 10 springs have suddenly become uncoiled inside him. Japinga went out for the team as a freshman, without a scholarship. He is now so tenacious a defensive back that Daugherty has dared to play him man to man against such giants as Hal Bedsole of USC or Bob Lacey of North Carolina. But his man in the Purdue game was the 6-foot-2, 195-pound Hadrick, big enough. When Japinga came into the dressing room after the first half he was furious, and he had not calmed down much when he was ready to go back out again. The first time he got close enough, he braced Hadrick, eyeball to necktie. "Hadrick," he said, "you won't catch another one today." Hadrick did catch another one, for six yards, but one was all he caught.

The team leader is Quarterback Juday, a handsome, quiet six-footer from Northville, Mich. (pop. 4,000 when everybody is home for Christmas dinner). Juday and Japinga are members of a campus honor society, Excalibur, which few athletes are invited to join. One player says Juday is the type you tear down walls for. Daugherty thinks enough of him to let him call 90% of the State plays. He has an almost staid aloofness, a de-

tached officer-to-noncom way of running his team. "He is not the type you give a hotfoot to," says one player. "Know what I mean?"

There is a depth of other talent. End Gene Washington, for example, is as good a pass receiver as there is in the country, and Daugherty calls Linebacker Ron Goovert without a doubt the very best. And then there is Halfback Drake Garrett. Garrett is—well, he got knocked out in the Michigan game, and when the trainer knelt over him to assess the damages Garrett opened one eye and whispered loudly, "I'm all right. Couch, but how are my fans taking it?"

"I love these guys," said Japinga last Saturday in West Lafayette, sitting stripped on a table in the deep-in-joy Spartan dressing room. "This team just makes you love everyone on it." He shook his head. "But I can't believe this is happening to us. It's wonderful, but I just can't believe it."

On the ramp outside, a waving Michigan State fan raised a green-and-white pennant for one last wave, though the game had ended long before. "There'll be joy in Mudville!" he crooned, and a Purdue man who had passed him by stopped, turned and snapped, "That's what you think, mister. *This* is Mudville."

END

AN ANGRY TIGER JUMPS ON JOEY

Two years of delay made gentlemanly Dick Tiger seethe, and a new-found jab paid off as he took the middleweight championship from Joey Giardello in a lively battle of stylists at Madison Square Garden **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Dressing room No. 26 in the rear of New York's Madison Square Garden is a windowless pit that holds heat like a thermos. Behind its heavy steel door, Room 26 contains nothing but the basic needs for a fighter in training—two low benches pressed against the grim, peeling walls, a small tiled shower, an archaic bronze-colored scale that has lost too many decisions to oxidation, a rubbing table only recently oiled and repadded to disguise its oblique past. Every day for six weeks prior to meeting Joe Giardello for the world middleweight championship, Dick Tiger, the courtly 36-year-old Nigerian challenger, would come to this room and sit on a bench in the 90° heat. For luck he would put on a six-year-old turtleneck-gray T shirt

with "Hotel El Cortez in Downtown Las Vegas, Nev." written on the chest, and then he would bandage his small, skilled hands. "Always, always I bandage my own hands," Tiger would explain. "I am a traveler. I learn to do things for myself."

But two days before he entered the ring to try to regain the championship that he had so decisively lost to Giardello 22 months previously in Atlantic City, Tiger did a surprising thing that changed the calm, well-organized atmosphere of Room 26. A delegate from Giardello's entourage had come upstairs from the Garden basement, where Joey was preparing for his last serious workout. "Tiger," the delegate said, "Joey would like to borrow your swivel for the

light bag." "No!" said Tiger. "No! He is my enemy. Tell him I will loan him nothing. Tell him when this fight is over and I am the champion I will give him the swivel, even a bag. Now, no!"

Ever since he began his career as a boxer in Nigeria in 1952 by beating the likes of Easy Dynamite, Mighty Joe, Lion King, Koko Kid, Black Power and Super Human Power, Dick Tiger's personality, both in times of travel and travail, militated against such an outburst. Often overmatched and underpaid, but seldom outgamed, he had worked hard to be a gentleman—always a gentleman. An intelligent, aging and unfierce person, Tiger would do much to help a fellow man. Even on those occasions when he finds it is necessary to be wary lest he be exploited, Tiger's refusals are always polite.

"Some people have tried to make me out a savage," he said one day while sitting in his room. "As if I had wandered in from the jungle. In truth, there is no jungle where I live in Nigeria. It is like the towns and farm country of the United States. Because the people here and many of the photographers and writers have such a limited understanding of my country, I now refuse to be photographed standing by trees." So why this trouble over a \$1 swivel? "When Giardello beat me in Atlantic City he promised that I would get a return fight in three months so I could try to get back the title I had held for a year," Tiger said. "A gentleman does what he says. I consider myself a gentleman. When I came to this country I met many nice people who were friendly and kind to me. But if I had met Joey Giardello first, I'm not so sure I would have liked any Americans."

Unable to locate a swivel, Giardello had to content himself with lunging at the light bag in the Garden basement.

Victory jump by Tiger marks an end to frustrations of waiting for return bout against Joey.



For nearly four days now, Joey had begun to suspect that at 35 he was not the Giardello he once was, and his pawing at the clumsy bag did little to bolster his ego. He had boxed 170 rounds and run 130 miles in training, more work than he used to do for 10 fights. His legs felt good, but 18 years of boxing and 128 bouts had done something to his once-smooth combinations. Giardello seemed capable of throwing only one punch at a time.

When Joey was told that Tiger had refused him the use of the swivel he resorted with some terse Italian epithets. Finally he said, "He's just trying to get me mad like some of his people did in Atlantic City by waving feathers and a bag of bones at me. Those—nitch doctors! But he ain't goin' to get me mad. I know Tiger is too old to change his spots—too old."

Moments later Giardello went to look at the ring. In a tableau that Grade B dramatists have strained countless times to capture, he stood and stared up at the empty tiers of seats in the silent hall. An immaculate white towel hooded his head and partly concealed his face, which looks like a wrinkled fender. There was something grotesquely beautiful about him. Joey shadowboxed around the edges of the ring, but always he came back to the center. "Here is where I will fight him," he said. "Right here in the middle. Just like before. But the floor feels soft here. They'll have to fix it."

They gave the floor more support under the center of the ring, but it was not enough to support Joey, who had made two false assumptions. First, Tiger had changed, even if by only one stripe. Second, Giardello did not get to fight his fight in the center of the ring. In five weeks of working under new Trainer Chickie Ferrara, Tiger had developed a left jab. "You cannot change too much of a man's style when he has had as many fights as Dick has had," said Ferrara. "The easiest thing to teach is the jab, so that's what we taught him." It was a small thing, but meaningful in a fight between adversaries who knew each other so well—they had fought three times before.

Right from the first round, Tiger flicked jab after jab at Giardello. The jabs, not punishing in themselves, upset Giardello's counterpunching, and set up Tiger's

familiar and best punch, his left hook. Every time that Giardello appeared set to start a serious attack of his own, Tiger would jab him out of it. Giardello has long relied on clinches to stop an attacker and steal rounds, but Referee Johnny LoBunco was breaking the clinches up quickly, and this didn't help Joey either. Finally, it was not until the fifth round—which he won—that Giardello was able to use the center of the ring the way he wanted to. By constantly boring ahead, Tiger had been able to keep Giardello close to the ropes and, therefore, in trouble.

With Tiger so relentless and Giardello still able to produce periods of the deftness that made him famous, the fight was an excellent one that kept 17,000 fans alert and shouting. From a far corner there even came the sound of an *apepe*, a Nigerian drum. Played by a friend of Tiger's, it beat constantly, and its message was "keep punchin'." In turn, Giardello's fans from Philadelphia started chanting "Hey, hey, take it away," in the ninth round when Joey seemed to rally, but there was very little that Giardello could do to take anything away. As the fight moved toward the 15th round, his

combinations had totally disappeared, his legs looked stiff and Tiger's jab was keeping him from ever getting a chance to throw the big right hand that would knock Tiger out. Giardello was courageous, as he always has been, and he was thoroughly beaten, as he hasn't often been. The referee's decision was for Tiger 9-5-1. The judges had it 10-5 and 8-6-1.

In his dressing room after the fight Tiger looked like a woodcut print of a boxer, while Giardello, sitting on a table across the arena, lifted his mashed profile and announced, rather proudly, his retirement. "I am willing to fight any challenger now," said Tiger—that two-year wait still rankled. "But I also want money. I have fought many fights for little money, and now I want a good big gate." There are several potential contenders who would draw such a gate, and immediately after his victory, Tiger began to get offers by wire. Lew Burston, an American representative for Tiger and a man who once captained a Ray Robinson upset by saying "Sugar Ray still had Paris in his legs," summed up Tiger's freshly earned position of eminence in the current boxing revival with, "The ugly duckling has now become a beautiful swan."

END



Dejected slouch of Giardello shows how right eye was battered by Tiger's relentless fists.

TRADITION BATTLES EXPEDIENCY

Twenty men are about to decide whether a famous horse race should stay in rural southern Illinois or move to the big city, but the issue goes far deeper than mere choice of a site for trotting's premier event **by PAT RYAN**

It is one of the oldest clashes of all, and not confined to sport. "So it costs 100,000 bucks," the keen men are saying in Philadelphia. "So what? It's the world's biggest harness race. Buy it, and you buy readymade class; you buy instant history. Think of the ads, the talk, the promotion, the publicity. 'Philadelphia's Liberty Bell, Home of The Hambletonian!' There! How does that grab you?"

"It's the East again," they are saying in Du Quoin, Ill. "Big track wants the Hambo. Offering big money. Enough to buy this whole place. Would sure miss that race around here. Yes, sir."

Those are the main points of view, peopled-up for effect, in the bitter dispute over the proper site for the most prized event in harness racing. If it happens that the governors of several states and the pressures of politics and the dreams of old men and the fervor of young ones are all factors as well, never mind, because they are always factors in this argument.

Should the race be held, as it has been for the past nine years, as an adjunct to the pie-baking, quilting and cattle-judging of the Du Quoin State Fair? Or would Philadelphia's antiseptic, air-conditioned, \$18 million Liberty Bell Park, adjoining a \$50 million complex of superhighways, be a more fitting home? Governors Scranton of Pennsylvania and Kerner of Illinois, racing commissioners, track owners, fans from Dog Walk to the Main Line and every horseman in harness all have opinions. The trotting magazines are hock high in emotional treatises on the subject. Du Quoin is leading this unofficial Gallup poll by a wide margin—which may well explain why the midwestern-owned harness magazine has printed dozens of letters

on the dispute, all favoring midwestern Du Quoin—while the Pennsylvania-published trade magazine has not run one letter.

The fate of The Hambletonian will not be decided by popular vote, however, but by the secret ballots cast by 20 men in a stately New York City clubroom on November 7. These men are directors of The Hambletonian Society, and as such are the curators of trotting tradition. The Society's bylaws declare The Hambletonian must be awarded "in such a manner as will be for the best interest of the sport as a whole," and a number of the directors now feel that tradition may no longer be in "the best interest." They would strip the race of its rural image, something it has had since the first Hambletonian was held in 1926 at the Syracuse State Fair. They would take the race from an "inaccessible" farming town in Illinois—92 miles from a major airport, though only 40 miles from the U.S. center of population—and move it to an urban industrial area. They would convert a ½-mile night-racing plant into a mile track for Hambletonian Day by building a \$150,000 extension. About the only tradition left would be keeping the race in the afternoon, instead of having it at night—when you get more customers.

Trotting's traditions are no easier to defend, however, than those of many other enterprises that have yielded to changing times. Since The Hambletonian moved from bucolic Goshen to bucolic Du Quoin in 1957, the sport itself has changed. That was the year Roosevelt Raceway opened its season with a new \$20 million plant and the fans danced in the Cloud Casino and bet in air-conditioned comfort. There were 25 night harness meetings then; there are 44 now.

There were 10 million fans; there are 21 million now. Purses totaled \$24 million then; they total \$50 million now. Liberty Bell is one of the byproducts of this bonanza, and it reflects in its one-half acre of plate glass the new image of harness racing—part supper club, part sport. The seating area is compact—close to the finish line—but the betting area is spacious. There are 400 mutual windows, and if no one ever counted the trees (there are about 50), it is understandable because you can't see them for the neon. "This," says Liberty Bell President Ed Dougherty, "is the growing, living, wonderful sport of harness racing." It seems to be. Would the Society members be dragging their feet if they didn't make The Hambletonian part of this scene?

One member especially disturbed by the question is E. Roland Harriman, president of the Society and patriarch of the sport. Harriman has not seen a Hambletonian since the race left Goshen. He "died hard," as one director put it, when the stake went west. He called the move "a terrible mistake." On the other hand, Harriman's devotion to old-style trotting has made his visits to the sport's gilded palaces extremely rare, and if he has never been to Du Quoin, he has never visited Liberty Bell either. He is eastern at heart, but traditional at heart, too. His vote is critical because a number of directors—his relatives and lifelong friends—undoubtedly will vote with him.

Another member, nearly as influential, is that beguiling old curmudgeon Lawrence Sheppard, a Pennsylvanian and outspoken. "I don't think there are any good reasons for staying in Du Quoin," he says flatly. Admitting that many directors are splitting along East



Chief custodian of trotting's hallowed customs, head of The Hambletonian Society, Roland Harriman helps perpetuate old-style harness racing at his own Historic Track in Gasboro.

A confirmed traditionalist all his life and former president of the U.S. Trotting Association, Pennsylvania's Lawrence Sheppard now wants the race moved to Philadelphia's Liberty Bell



vs. Midwest fief, he is obviously concerned over the votes of his fellow Pennsylvanians in the Society. About one, longtime friend and fellow breeder Max Hempt, he says, "If Max has any sense he will be on Liberty Bell's side." Despite this position, Sheppard himself reflects the contradictory forces tugging at all directors. No man has deeper roots in this sport or greater love for its dirt-track, county-fair traditions. He even has close friends who are certain that when Lawrence Sheppard comes to vote, his heart and not loyalty to state will guide his hand.

Few directors have so much at stake personally as Del Miller, involved in every facet of trotting and for years its unofficial—and superb—goodwill ambassador-at-large. "Naturally," he says, "being from Pennsylvania and president of a track there [The Meadows] and also the owner of a breeding farm, I have mixed emotions. I know The Hambletonian is truly a sporting event at Du Quoin, and having our greatest race a nonbetting event, as it is there, is the best natural advertisement trotting could have. It could be bigger at Liberty Bell, but without the county-fair atmosphere it could also become just another race at a pari-mutuel track. At Du Quoin now every interested fan can walk from barn to barn, talk to trainers and grooms and even get a close look at the horses. All this is lost at a place like Liberty Bell, and with it some of the feeling of being close to the sport."

The outcome of the voting is still a toss-up, but when the Society finally gets down to it, the issues—if not the feelings of the members—will be clear. In bidding for the race, Liberty Bell was only accepting the invitation of The Hambletonian Society which ran a half-page advertisement in the trade papers last July asking any interested track to make an offer. Liberty Bell's offer includes more purse money (\$100,000 to Du Quoin's \$45,000), far greater accessibility and better hotel and restaurant facilities. And its proposal is in keeping with the image and the spirit and the trends in harness racing through the past nine years. Essentially, all Du Quoin is offering is tradition. The Society, next week, must decide which of these propositions is in "the best interest of the sport as a whole."

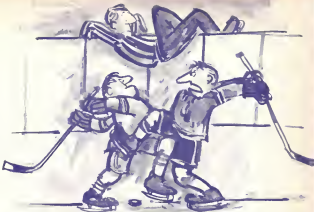
END



THE NICETIES OF THE ICE

Another season of major league hockey is just beginning in six cities of North America. There will be some new faces on the ice and some old faces in new places. And the whole season will be played out in the anticipation of still greater changes ahead as the National Hockey League expands westward. But Artist Roy McKie is a hockey fan less interested in change than in the unalterable verities. Here and on the following pages he sketches some aspects of big-league hockey that should remain unchanged in 1966

Fans have sometimes complained in the past that officials tend to favor one team over another. Whether this is true or not, you can be sure that in some circumstances referees will retain an attitude of strict neutrality.



This year, as before, justice will be swift and clean on NHL ice. The finger of official scorn may be expected time and again to single out the cross-checking roughneck who tries too hard to best an opponent—even if the opponent plainly got the best of the encounter.

Of course, no expense will be spared to insure the safety of the players during each game. Shin guards, shoulder guards and kidney pads will protect the tender parts of their bodies, and thick tempered glass will even make them secure against the fury of outraged fans.





Big-league hockey players may not seem like sentimental types, but their rough features often conceal much finer feelings. And when a coach appeals to them to do better—in a nice way, of course—there is not a one who won't at least try.



Hockey fans, on the other hand, are savage types who will scream for the blood of an old favorite at the slip of a puck. As usual, a middle-aged musical therapist will attempt to soothe them with a repertoire of tunes from the '20s.

CONTINUED

Federal law forbids re-use of this bottle.

But there'll always be a scofflaw.

Loath to destroy an empty Chivas Regal bottle (so many fond memories) but unwilling to spend the extra \$2 for a full one, he will use the Chivas bottle as a decanter for some other spirit.

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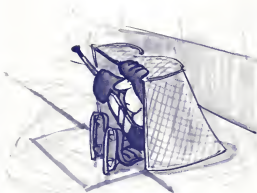
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ICY NICETIES *continued*

Nor shout, nor yell, nor ice, nor flying puck can stay this courier from the completion of his appointed rounds. As a matter of fact, he keeps so busy looking for customers that he's never noticed just what they do out there on the ice.



What a clay pigeon is to skeet, a goalie is to hockey. Small wonder, then, if he tends to be moody. The NHL this year will continue to provide hideaways on the ice where a goalie who wants to be alone can find time to think things over.

And finally, in 1965-66 as in every season before it, big-league hockey will continue to be what it has always been—a fast-moving, wide-open contest of skill and speed and grace, characterized by thoroughgoing good sportsmanship.





THE CARDINALS' WALLY LEMM, A RARITY AMONG PRO COACHES BECAUSE HE THINKS THE GAME SHOULD BE FUN AND DISGAINS

THE OUTLAW AND THE WANT-TO CARDS

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Coch Wally Lemm has built a title contender in St. Louis on the implous philosophy that football need not be drudgery

In the summer of 1945, a wartime year in which beef, gasoline and genuine football players were scarce, the Chicago Cardinals went to training camp at Carroll College in Waukesha, Wis. with only 21 men. One of the first things their equipment manager, Dutch Kriznecky, did was to write on the blackboard. "Scrimmage Wednesday against the Green Bay Packers." A great fellow for a joke, that Dutch. After reading the blackboard eight of the Cardinals quit.

That left 13, and when the botialed scrimmage came it was the left side of the Cardinal line against the right side



LENGTHY SKILL SESSIONS, SUPERVISES TYPICALLY LIGHT GRILL



SHOULDER INJURY BENCHED CHARLEY JOHNSON AGAINST 'SKINS

of the Cardinal line. A tackle asked 14-year-old Bill Bidwill, one of the two sons of the Cardinal owner, please to listen in the huddle and then stand behind the back who was to carry the ball. That was the sort of key even an exhausted tackle with sweat and blood in his eyes could read, and the Cardinal linemen survived the afternoon. They got their revenge on Kriznecky later in the season by forcing him to suit up and threatening to make him play against the Giants in the Polo Grounds. Dutch weighed about 240 pounds and most of it hung over his belt, but in the year World War II ended the Cardinals could use anybody

who knew enough not to put his helmet on backward and Dutch sat on the bench with his fingers in his ears.

In the past 20 years life has been a roller coaster for the Cardinals. They had what the late Charles W. Bidwill called "my dream backfield" of Paul Christman, Pat Harder, Marshall Goldberg and Charley Trippi and won the NFL championship in 1947. They won their division in 1948. In the 1950s they reverted to lowly ways, and the few people who turned up at Comiskey Park were there to boo and throw garbage at the Cardinals and to clap like seals for the opposition. Finally taking the hint,

the Cardinals moved to St. Louis in March of 1960. Now they are approaching the crest again as one of the best teams in the East and may read of another scheduled scrimmage with Green Bay—this time a real one—for the NFL championship on January 2. But despite their return to prosperity, the Cardinals are still a loose, laughing, fairly uncomplicated group that Dutch Kriznecky would have admired. The man who keeps them that way is Wally Lemm, one of the most surprisingly successful and quietly unconventional coaches who ever lived.

To a majority of his brothers in the

continued

lodge of professional football coaches, Wally Lemm is an outlaw, a maverick, a renegade—practically an impious beatnik—and some of them openly pull for him to lose. Many coaches make radical changes in their offense from game to game. Not Wally Lemm. "With all these different defenses, the players have enough to think about," says Lemm. "The more you give them, the more mistakes they will make, and errors beat you quicker than anything else." Many coaches bring their players in for morning meetings during the week, break for lunch, then resume with meetings and practice in the afternoon. Not Lemm. "We just gather once a day and not very early. The players like that arrangement, and the most important thing is to keep them satisfied," says Lemm. Most coaches spend the off-season months from January until July studying films, reading and writing scouting reports, drawing circles and X's and poking around on college campuses during spring training. So what does Lemm do? In January he goes home to Lake Bluff, Ill., and stays there until camp opens in July, except for a monthly visit of two or three days to St. Louis to see what's happening at the office. Maybe the other coaches could forgive—and even envy—Lemm's attitude toward the off-season routine, but his lack of affection for a movie projector is appalling. Films are what have made professional coaching a laborious, year-round job, and you do not mess with a person's method of earning a living without making that person very angry.

Lemm was a freak, anyhow, when he first went to work for the Cardinals in 1942 as a dining-hall waiter at the Carroll College camp. He was an English major who wanted to be a sportswriter, reason enough to suspect him of erratic behavior in following years—and he was a senior halfback who broke his nose six times in eight games. Lemm went into the Navy as commander of PT 114, a boat that did not become quite as famous in the Pacific as PT 109. After the war Lemm won three championships as a college coach and served a couple of hitches as a Cardinal assistant coach. In 1961 he came out of temporary retirement and took over the Houston Oilers, who promptly won nine in a row and beat San Diego for the championship. He accepted the Cardinal head-coaching job in 1962, guided them to a 9-5 record in 1963 and raised them to 9-3-2 and a Playoff Bowl win over Green Bay last season. He has a chance to become the first coach to win championships in both the current professional leagues, and in his resonant, midwestern voice he explains that he has had a lot of fun at it. "Football is supposed to be fun," Lemm says, "and if you treat the players like adults they will usually respond like adults. The game is not really simple anymore because the defenses change so much, but we try to keep it as clear, straightforward and pleasurable as we can."

Fun or no, the Cardinals missed the Eastern Division championship by half a game last season, and there was nothing pleasant about thinking how close

they had come. In the locker room at the private school at which they train on a wooded hill in St. Louis, there is a sign reminding the players that the half-game cost them \$7,500 each. For that money, the sign says, each player could have taken his family on a European vacation, put a down payment on a house, paid for a college education or done a couple of other interesting things. The sign winds up by saying: IF YOU WANT THESE, HIT HARD!

The Cards this year have that extra flow of confidence that eventually produces championships, and perhaps the biggest reason is the development of Quarterback Charley Johnson (*see cover*). With the slender Texan on the bench resting a bruised left shoulder last Sunday, the Cards were the victims of one of Washington Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen's hot days and lost, 24-20, to a team they beat 37-16 two weeks earlier. Last season Johnson was inclined to run his offense in a grab-bag fashion, leaping from one play to the next, more on hunch than from logic. This season Johnson's play-calling has continuity. The need for that has been impressed upon Johnson by Bobby Layne, who quit the Steelers in September when his pal Buddy Parker did, and signed with the Cardinals as quarterback coach. As a player Layne was a leader, a winner and a superior technician. At Cardinal practices, Layne may be relaxed, smoking and playing catch while the defense works, but when Johnson is operating the team Layne watches him like a schoolmaster. After a series of plays Layne will call Johnson over, talk to him earnestly and emphasize his points by pounding his fist into his palm. And Johnson listens. It is not that Charley did not listen to his coaches before, but there is something different about listening to a man who has been a championship quarterback. The words penetrate and Johnson, his ice-gray eyes looking directly at Layne, obviously believes what he is hearing.

"My contribution to Charley has been overrated," Layne says. "Charley was a finished quarterback before I came here. I wouldn't trade him for any quarterback in the league, and I mean that. I've helped him with a few little things, but the main thing I've done for him is to watch him all the time. When I was playing I didn't have anybody to watch me constantly and I tended to get slop-

continued



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py, as anybody will occasionally. One of the most vital things for a quarterback to do is to get back into the pocket and set up quickly, especially with all the blitzes you see now. Charley knows I'm watching and he concentrates on setting up fast. If you keep doing that in practice, it becomes a habit."

Layne also offers suggestions for the Cardinals' game plan, and he has taught Johnson tricks of recognizing defenses and beating blitzes, although Layne says he was never much good at beating blitzes himself. "When I saw a blitz coming, I'd keep an end, both backs and the coach back to block for me." From his seat in the press box during games, Layne observes and talks to Johnson on the phone. "I'm afraid I couldn't help him against the Steelers when they used that 5-1 defense against us, though," Layne said, laughing. "Charley asked me what to do against a 5-1, and I said how would I know, just throw the ball."

Johnson, who is working toward a Ph. D. in chemical engineering, is an intelligent and honest young man who likes to think before he acts. That is a handy trait for operating the Cardinal offense, which relies heavily on audibles. Although Lemm believes in making the game as simple as possible, Johnson may change plays at the line of scrimmage as many as 25 times in a game. Lemm's theory is that audibles are easier for the players to handle than complex blocking combinations. With some teams, for example, the quarterback may select an end run only to find the defense is not aligned as he expected. The offensive linemen then call code words to each other and thereby switch their blocking combinations to make the play go. But when Johnson steps over center and finds a defense that would stop his end run he calls an audible and changes the whole play. Nearly all the Cardinals' basic plays are set up to be used as audibles.

The players have faith in Johnson this year, whereas last year they were a bit dubious. "Charley is a great quarterback, he makes this team move," says his sub, Buddy Humphrey, who has been in the NFL for seven seasons with three clubs and has hardly played enough to earn a letter but is a good backup man. Johnson also has more faith in himself than he did in 1964. "I'm steadier and more consistent," he says. "I take fewer chances. I don't force a play when the

odds are against it anymore. Last year I began to doubt if my approach to the game was right. In defense of myself we had three sets of running backs last year and none was alike. I got confused and couldn't organize the running game. Last year I was hot and cold. I was throwing when I should have been running. The difference this year is a maturity of decision. I can exploit the defenses better. I presume I was immature. That doesn't mean I think I've arrived as a complete quarterback. I'm still inclined to be overly cautious. I think I need a better sense of balance in running the offense. When I get into a slump, timing is usually the problem and I tend to get overanxious."

Johnson has not been in a slump this season. Before last Sunday he had passed for 1,350 yards and 13 touchdowns with a 54.5 completion percentage and has thrown for more than 10,000 yards in five years. Johnson's fine start this season is due partly to his own improvement and partly to the club's. The Cardinals are wealthy in good, heavy running backs—with Willis Crenshaw, Prentice Gautt, Thunder Thornton and Bill Triplett—and have the most effective offensive line in the East. The line is young and has matured with Johnson, and the Cards use that strength to advantage. They like to run straight at the strongest of the opposing defenders, using a lot of wham plays in which one back goes through to clear house for the back following with the ball. They will pick out the opposition's toughest man—like say, the Cowboys' All-Pro tackle, Bob Lilly—and drive hard at him until they prove they can run through his area, and with that psychological edge Johnson will then step back and throw to one of his fine receivers. With Sonny Randle split to one side and Bobby Joe Conrad flanked to the other, defenses are forced into double coverage on both, and Tight End Jackie Smith is open. Conrad, a rancher from central Texas, has already caught 23 passes, one for a 71-yard touchdown, this season. The long one was against the Steelers, and Conrad was cleared by Randle's downfield block. Randle, whose first name is Ulmo ("It's an old family name," he says, "but my son is not named Ulmo"), does not exactly specialize in blocking. When he cut down Brady Keys on Conrad's touchdown, Cardinal Publicist Joe

Pollack was talking on the phone to Cardinal President Stormy Bidwill, who had stayed home because his wife was ill but wanted a long-distance commentary, nevertheless. Pollack described the play, and Bidwill's voice roared back over the phone: "Randle threw a block! Randle threw a block!" Randle really does not have to block. He has scored from 72 yards this year and has caught six touchdown passes. If the Cardinals cannot make it by running or throwing, they summon Jim Bakken, who kicked 25 field goals among the 115 points he scored in 1964 for a team record.

The offensive line—Team Captain and All-Pro Ken Gray at right guard, Ernie McMillan at right tackle, Bob DeMarco at center, Irv Goode at left guard and Bob Reynolds at left tackle—is a cohesive unit. Gray, who is from little Howard Payne College and has twice been introduced on the field as Howard Payne from Ken Gray College, says a big factor in the line's steadiness is McMillan. "Ernie is the best tackle in the East and, with Forrest Gregg now playing guard [for the Packers], probably the best tackle in the league," says Gray. "He never makes mistakes, and it's his consistency that keeps him from being noticed. He's nearly perfect. He does his job and then helps the rest of us. If there's a mix-up on our side of the line, it's me and not Ernie. There's no justice if Ernie isn't All-Pro."

The Cardinals are near the top of the league in defense as well as offense. Their defense is best known for the safety blitz by Larry Wilson. Defensive Coach Chuck Drulis, whose wife is the artist and sculptor who created the facade for the NFL Hall of Fame, began using the safety blitz several years ago with Jerry Norton. He is considering a double-safety blitz ("Drulis is a sadist," says Layne, and Drulis replies, "Quarterbacks make too much money"), which would shoot Jerry Stovall into the backfield with Wilson. But the Cardinal defense is solid enough not to have to depend on gimmicks. Left Corner Back Pat Fischer, 5 feet 9 and 170 pounds, is too small for his position, although he doesn't realize that and plays it superbly and with such intensity that he has ulcers. The other corner back, Jim Burson, came to the Cardinals in the 1963 draft as one of 13 from that crop who have made the club and now have the age and experience to form

continued

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THE CARDINALS continued

a nucleus for years ahead. The middle linebacker is Dale Memert, a rancher from Lone Wolf, Okla. who arrived in camp this year wearing black Bermuda shorts and a cowboy hat and driving a red, air-conditioned pickup truck. Bill Koman, one of the league's more outspoken figures ("If I made as many mistakes in a whole season as Sam Huff makes in one game, I'd retire," he once said), is the weak-side backer behind End Joe Robb, the only Cardinal ever to play on a championship team.

Under Lemm's policy of fun with games, the Cardinals have flourished. They fly jets on most of their trips, their average workday is less than four hours, and they seem to believe that what they are doing is a great way to pass the time. Fischer is typical of their want-to spirit. Once last year he hit Cleveland's Jim Brown head-on during a sweep and drove Brown back several yards. Another time Fischer grabbed a John Henry Johnson fumble and ran 49 yards to beat Pittsburgh in the last two minutes. That attitude is infectious.

There are some reminders of the Cardinal quirks of old. The Bidwill brothers appreciate a joke as thoroughly as Dutch Krzyzewski ever did, but as devout Catholics they fired their cheerleaders for doing the twist while the band was playing *The Notre Dame Victory March*. "Sacrilege!" cried Billy Bidwill. Trainer Jack Rockwell leads the team in calisthenics, which is far from ordinary. Several of the players have formed a business syndicate to enrich their retirement years, and their first major investment was two shares of Falstaff beer. The Bidwills are very superstitious. Stormy Bidwill moved the last two Cardinal games in Pittsburgh and the Cards won both. "I guess Stormy will never go back to Pittsburgh now," says Billy.

Next season the Cardinals will move into a new 50,000-seat stadium on a rise above the Mississippi River. The stadium is not well suited to football—as no combination football-baseball stadium is—but compared to the old Busch Stadium where, from a number of seats, the fans cannot even see the field, the new park will seem lovely. And the Cards have prepared themselves mentally for nicer surroundings, particularly in the standings. "This is the second year in a row that we've been one of the top clubs," says Gray. "I think we've learned how to live with it."

END

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8 years getting ready
for tonight.

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every year of it.



FOOTBALL'S WEEK

While defense took a holiday, a lot of big games that should have been close were turned into a shambles by a horde of smashing runners who picked this weekend to finally catch up with the brilliant passing that had previously distinguished the season. Foremost among the runners were Floyd Little of Syracuse, Roy Shivers of Utah State, Harry Jones of Arkansas, Mel Farr of UCLA and Idaho's Ray McDonald, but none had a more violent impact on the score—or his own team's prestige—than Notre Dame's Fullback Larry Conjar (right), who bruised his way to four touchdowns as the Irish obliterated Southern Cal

It was a crusade. All week long the Notre Dame campus was draped with signs to remind the Fighting Irish of what happened a year ago in Los Angeles—as if they could forget. USC was coming to South Bend, and USC was the team that upset Notre Dame last season 20-17, costing it the national championship. The signs hung from ancient Sorin Hall, and from the freshman dormitories, Farley and Breen-Phillips, as well. Priests strolling through the trees wore large white buttons that said simply, "Remember." And Coach Ara Parseghian even had the word repetitiously pasted across rows of lockers in the varsity dressing room. Then came Saturday, and Notre Dame remembered, all right, but the player who seemed to want revenge the most was a fullback named Larry Conjar who didn't even make the California trip in 1964.

Conjar, a 204-pound junior from Harrisburg, Pa., bruised his way to all four Notre Dame touchdowns and 116 yards, as the Irish pounded previously undefeated (but once-tied) USC into submission 28-7. To the delight of 39,235 in the South Bend stadium on a gray, rainy afternoon, and much to the astonishment of a national television audience that had every right to expect a close, thrilling game, things went almost exactly as Parseghian—but almost nobody else—had planned.

"You can't let Mike Garrett have the ball 30 times," warned Ara before the game. The reference was to USC's splendid runner who had averaged 30 carries and 170 yards gained in each of his five previous games. "And," said Ara, "the only way to do this is to hang onto the

ball ourselves. Ball control is of the most importance."

To control the ball, Parseghian installed some new wrinkles in his offense. For one thing, instead of splitting his ends out from the power-I formation, he sent them out, then curiously shifted them back in tight before the snap of the ball. He also unbalanced his line frequently, but in a different way—using both tackles on the strong side. Notre Dame is big, anyway, and with this heft up front to block for a full-house backfield of Bill Wolski, Nick Eddy and Conjar, it was Parseghian's simple plan to try and blast out USC with a ground attack that would eat up both yards and minutes.

To enhance the plan, he made another change, switching back to Bill Zloch at quarterback. Zloch is a so-so thrower, and a player who had lost the job to sophomore Tom Schoen two weeks before in the Army game, but he is a sure ball handler, and just the man, Parseghian thought, to direct this uncharacteristic rushing game.

Zloch directed a good one. Forsaking the pass (he threw only seven), he sent Conjar plowing through USC's middle and inside the tackles 20 times in the first half alone as the Trojans seemed overly conscious of Wolski's sweeps and Eddy's counters. Behind the especially fine blocking of Tackle Tom Regner, Conjar jarred and bulled and occasionally slipped his way for three, four and five yards at a time. Notre Dame scored the first three times it got the ball, with Conjar squeezing over from the two-, two- and one-yard lines.

By the end of the third quarter the

Irish were ahead 28-0, and had run 58 plays to Southern Cal's 26. For all practical purposes, the game was over. And Mike Garrett had not yet seen a glimmer of daylight, though in USC's behalf it can be said that Garrett was slowed slightly by a pulled muscle, and Rod Sherman, the Trojans' other top runner, was bandaged and slowed even more.

Garrett was held to only seven yards in nine carries in the first half, and not until well into the second half when Notre Dame fell back in a "baseball" defense, did he squirt through in that peculiar, jittery style of his for two 12-yard gains, winding up with a mere 43 yards in all. Not only Conjar, but Wolski, the sparingly used Eddy, and even Zloch, running keepers, out-gained him.

Conjar, a scrapping, workhorse-type runner somewhat reminiscent of Emil Sitko from the Frank Leahy days, though not as nifty, is a shy kid who says, "I still have a lot of improving to do." Actually, he gave USC a tip-off on what it might expect in the 17-0 victory over Army. Playing ball control then, too, in the late stages of that game in New York's Shea Stadium, Notre Dame called on Conjar eight consecutive times. He gained 52 yards, to set up the field goal that completed Notre Dame's scoring for the night.

"Notre Dame," said USC Coach John McKay, "is, of course, the strongest team we've played. I didn't think anybody could run on us like that."

Behind Bill Wolski's block and his own straight arm, Notre Dame's Larry Conjar (32) powers to one of his four scores.

CONTINUED





Whoosh! In came the big, grunting rushers, like Wyoming's Mike Dirks, and ooff went the defenseless Brigham Young Quarterback Virgil Carter, who saw far more Cowboy brownshirts Saturday than he did blue-helmeted Cougar receivers. Wyoming's fast backs—Bob Grant, Jim Kick and Mike Davenport—in stark contrast ran for 204 yards and



beat BYU, a welcome guest at the Laramie homecoming, for the seventh time in seven visits. The Cowboys built a 14-0 half-time lead on Quarterback Tom Wilkinson's 68-yard pass to Wingback Garry McLean and a short plunge by Fullback Davenport. They wheeled 80 yards in 16 plays to make it 21-0 in the third quarter and coasted to a final 34-6 score.

Their thoughts have now shifted to the game next week with New Mexico, co-leader in the Western Athletic Conference with a 2-1 record. In an otherwise perfect season, the Cowboys have made one egregious error—they lost to weaker Utah by 39 points. Relying on their hard defense and their steady, grind-it-out offense, they aim not to repeat it.

CONTINUED



THE MIDWEST 1. NEBRASKA (6-0) 2. MICHIGAN STATE (6-0) 3. NOTRE DAME (4-1)

After an undistinguished early season, the Midwest was busy trying to ignore Arkansas and reestablish itself as the king of college football. Unbeaten Nebraska, whose Fred Duda (10, left) took up where he left off the week before with his deadly passes, was one candidate for the top. So was Michigan State, also undefeated, and Notre Dame, loser only to Purdue.

Colorado, everyone thought, would be NEBRASKA's first real test. The Buffs were unbeaten with two last, and they played tough defense. Not tough enough, though. The Huskers got a 10-3 lead and then came the crusher. Pinned back on his own five, Duda passed into the wind to Split End Freeman White on the 35, and White outran the pack for a 95-yard touchdown. Nebraska went on to win 38-13. "A great team," said Colorado's Eddie Crowder. "About three touchdowns better than last year."

For all its proficiency, Michigan State does not stand alone in the Big Ten. MINNESOTA, a dark horse of middling ability, is still undefeated in conference games, thanks to a last-ditch Michigan gamble that failed. When Quarterback Wally Gahler took the hard-luck Wolverines in for a touchdown with only 1:22 to play, he cut Minnesota's lead to 14-13. Michigan went for two points, but End Bob Bruggers and Linebacker Gary Reisman rushed furiously, and Gahler's hurried cross-field pass soared harmlessly out of the end zone. So Minnesota had its third straight and the battered old Little Brown Jug.

When Wisconsin began juggling the ball like a hot toddy, OHIO STATE pounced on three fumbles, turned them into a touchdown and two field goals by Bob Funk and beat the Badgers 20-10. NORTHWESTERN surprised Iowa with a punishing ground game that tumbled the Hawkeyes 9-0. ILLINOIS' fast sophomores ran often against Duke One of them, Halfback Cyril Pinder, broke the game open with an 80-yard run, and the Illini won 28-14.

Indiana had heard of WASHINGTON STATE's remarkable propensity for beating Big Ten teams, but the Hoosiers, sitting on a 7-0 lead, did not think it could happen to them. It did. The Cougars moved 62 yards in the last 1:31, scored on Tom Roth's last-play pass to Doug Flansburg and then took the game 8-7 on Roth's two-point toss to Ammon McWashington. It was enough to make ex-Yale Coach John Pont long for the comparative serenity of the Ivy League.

Quarterback Fred Duda fakes a hand-off to Frank Solich before being hit red-and-white Nebraska cheering section.

MISSOURI, getting ready for its Big Eight showdown with Nebraska, went after Iowa State with its big running game. Charlie Brown and Johnny Roland swept the State flanks, Carl Reese hammered away inside and the Cyclones succumbed 23-7. What did Missouri's Dan Devine have in mind for Nebraska? "Prayer," he said plaintively.

Meanwhile OKLAHOMA and KANSAS were improving. The young Sooners bashed Kansas State's passing game with a hard rush, and Oklahoma won 27-0. Kansas took the opening kickoff 66 yards for a score against Oklahoma State, and then its tough defense shut out the Cowboys 9-0.

BOWLING GREEN, shaken up by Fred Gissendiner's 85-yard punt return in the ankle-deep mud at Kent State, slogged back to take a 7-6 lead on Tom Luetke's plunge and Jim Perry's placement. But the Falcons had to hold Kent on the two-inch line to beat them for the Mid-American lead. MIAMI OF OHIO, an easy 34-0 winner over Ohio U., could take it away from them Saturday.

TULSA's Bill Anderson had another one of his spectacular days to beat Cincinnati 49-6. He threw six touchdown passes.

THE EAST 1. SYRACUSE (4-2) 2. NAVY (3-2-1) 3. PRINCETON (5-0)

PENN STATE finally dropped the other shoe—and it landed smack on apprehensive West Virginia. The Nittany Lions dashed off some old defenses—such as the 7-diamond and 6-2-2-1—and suddenly stopped making mistakes. They buried Garrett Ford, the nation's No. 2 runner, with a fierce rush, holding him to a mere five yards, and the Mountaineers did not get a first down until Penn State led 34-6. Coach Rip Engle also had something different for the offense: an unbalanced line. Fullback Dave McNaughton hit West Virginia with weak-side thrusts, and that set up the Lions' outside game. Quarterback Jack White passed for two touchdowns and ran for another. Halfback Mike Irwin scored three times, once on a 74-yard punt return. Tom Sherman kicked three field goals and Penn State won 44-6.

Just as SYRACUSE Coach Ben Schwartzwalder said: "When you have Floyd Little who needs statistics?" At half time against Holy Cross, the Orange had only a single first down, but led the Crusaders 24-6. Little had scored on a four-yard run and an 85-yard kickoff return. But Syracuse beefed up its statistics in the second half anyway, and Little got his third touchdown as Holy Cross fell 32-6.

Miami cheerleaders carried red-and-black hurricane warning flags onto the field before the game, but it was PITT that blew up the storm that wrecked Miami 28-14. Stirring things up most were two charges Coach John Michelosen made in his backfield. To counteract an expected blitz, he moved 6-

foot-4 sophomore End Bob Longo to flanker and put swift Halfback Eric Crabtree in the slot. While Miami was busy worrying about Longo, Crabtree carried 22 times for 75 yards on slants, sweeps and pitchouts and Quarterback Kenny Lucas threw to Crabtree and Bob Dyer for touchdowns.

Good quarterbacks are usually hard to come by, but now BOSTON COLLEGE has two of them. When starter Ed Foley injured his shoulder, 6-foot-5 John Blair got his chance against Richmond, and he made the most of it. Blair ran for two touchdowns, passed for two and BC won easily 35-7.

The Ivy League race was down to two teams—PRINCETON and HARTFORD, both unbeaten. The coldly efficient Tigres smothered Penn 51-0 for their 14th straight as Charley Gogolak, the Hungarian side boater, kicked three long-range field goals (he now has 14 for an NCAA one-season record) and six extra points. Dartmouth finished off Harvard as a contender 14-0. Gene Ryzewicz, a pushy sophomore who plays quarterback and halfback, runs back punts and kickoffs and blocks like a demon, was the one who did in the Crimson. His crushing block sprang No. 1 Quarterback Mickey Beard for one touchdown, and his 31-yard pass set up Halfback Paul Klumpnes' 16-yard sprint for the other. Among the lower-echelon Ivies, Yale got in its licks by surprising Cornell 24-14, Brown beat Colgate 6-0 and COLUMBIA defeated Rutgers 12-7. MASSACHUSETTS fell behind Boston U. 12-0 and then got going to win 34-18, while MAINE, with Dick DeVorney setting three conference passing records, clobbered Rhode Island 36-0 to win the Yankee title.

THE SOUTH 1. FLORIDA (4-1) 2. LSU (5-1) 3. ALABAMA (4-1-1)

While Florida rested, there was just no end to poor Georgia's troubles. The Bulldogs, depleted by injuries, tried everything against KENTUCKY, including a pro-type offense instead of their usual tight formation. Coach Vince Dooley even moved Quarterback Preston Radehuber to halfback and let sophomore Karly Moore run the team. It worked for a while and Georgia had a 10-0 lead. Then the Wildcats exploded. Within eight minutes in the second period, Quarterback Rick Norton passed for three quick scores, and all of a sudden Georgia was dead 28-10.

The Bulldogs were not alone in their misery. Mississippi State, embarrassed to death by TULANE Quarterback Bobby Dixon's left-handed passes, was upset 17-15.

For a change, ALABAMA did not have to come from behind. The Tide, fitted into a becoming 4-4 defense that stopped Florida State's passing cold, started to roll early. Fullback Leslie Kelley slashed through the Seminoles for two touchdowns and Quarterback Steve Sloan got another. The score:

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

21-0, TENNESSEE, the only unbeaten (but twice-tied) team in the conference, honored a commitment and played Houston while grieving for Assistant Coaches Bill Majors, Bob Jones and Charles Rash, who died after an auto accident the previous Monday. The Vols won 17-8.

LSU-OLE MISS Saturday may turn out to be a game after all. LSU, naturally, had no trouble beating South Carolina 21-7, but Mississippi, blasting Vanderbilt's good defense to win 24-7, showed signs of coming alive. Auburn, however, was shocked by

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Utah State Halfback Roy Shivers, long a favorite of the pro scouts, scored three touchdowns, one on a 48-yard punt return, and threw an 89-yard scoring pass as the unbeaten Aggies beat Colorado State 41-20.

THE LINEMAN: Howard Twilley of Tulsa, with 14 catches, 226 yards and two scores against Cincinnati, broke Hugh Campbell's NCAA career yardage record. He now has 200 catches (73 this year) for a total of 2,578 yards.

SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI 3-0 on George Sumrall's 26-yard field goal.

GEORGIA TECH had all kinds of goodies ready for Navy. First there was a blitz—Tech style—that prodded the distracted Middles off balance. Then there were successive 86- and 77-yard punt returns by Bill Eastman and Sam Burke. But the most succulent goodie of all was a fake draw to Tailback Lenny Snow that kept the Navy blitzers in tight. Sophomore Quarterback Kim King, faking beautifully, dropped exquisitely timed screen passes off to the side to Wingback Craig Baynham and two of them went for touchdowns. All told, King completed 16 of 23 for 172 yards and three scores as Tech swamped Navy 37-16.

VIRGINIA TECH's Jerry Claiborne figured his team would have trouble running aside against Virginia's bulky linemen. So he had Quarterback Bobby Owens run the option. Sometimes Owens kept (for two touchdowns) and sometimes he pitched back to Halfback Dickie Lingerbeam (for 164 yards) at the very last second. The option worked so well that Tech whipped the Cavaliers 22-14.

The ACC race was beginning to resolve itself. While first-place Clemson edged TCU 3-0, North Carolina and Maryland dropped almost out of the running. Wake Forest caught the Tar Heels 12-10 while North Carolina State shocked Maryland 29-7.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARKANSAS (6-0) 2. TEXAS (4-2) 3. TEXAS TECH (3-1)

It was early last week and Darrell Royal was talking about Texas' opponent, AUC. "They just don't play us like they play other people," he said. Owl Coach Jess Neely knows

continued



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

this, too, and before Saturday's game in Austin he drew to old friend Royal. "I hope we entertain you." You would have to say that Royal and Texas were subsequently entertained—right up to the final 48 seconds when Richard Parker kicked a 33-yard field goal to give Rice a shocking 20-17 victory. It was no fluke, either. The Owls punished Quarterback Marv Kristynik with some vicious tackling, outplayed Texas on offense 273 yards to 236, and came from 14 points behind to win. Chuck Latourette was the wisest Owl, hustling 77 yards with a kickoff to set up one touchdown and seven yards to score another in Rice's first win in Austin since 1953. The last time Texas lost two games in a season was in 1960.

Celebrating elevation to the nation's No. 1 spot for the first time ever, ARKANSAS routed North Texas State 55-20. Bob Barnett scored three touchdowns and Jim Lindsey got a pair, but speed-boy Harry Jones—who rushed six times for 123 yards, scored on an 83-yard touchdown run and had two other touchdowns called back—had to leave the game with a pulled abdominal muscle. The Hogs' pass defense was hurt, too, as Vidal Carlin hit 32 of 54 passes for 306 yards.

Lanebocker Kenny Gill provided TEXAS TECH with some outstanding defense—his pursuit and blockage of SMU's dangerous option plays were masterful—and he kicked field goals of 36 and 34 yards and two extra points to help the Red Raiders to a 26-24 win. Tech has now won its last four games—by a total of 13 points.

SAYLOR found a replacement for injured Terry Southall, and all sophomore Kenny Stockdale did in his first start was to complete 20 of 27 passes for 286 yards—better than Don Trull's best day—in a 31-0 romp over Texas A&M. And NEW MEXICO STATE, with a field goal from Al Gonzales and Tommy Feezel's 50-yard score with an intercepted pass, handed West Texas State its first loss 10-2.

THE WEST 1, USC (4-1-1) 2, STANFORD (4-1-1) 3, UCLA (3-1-1)

California's Ray Wilsey, sitting forlornly in a corner of the Bear equipment room on a trunk labeled appropriately enough, OXYGEN, quipped: "The game wasn't as close as the score indicated." His team had just been bombed by UCLA 56-3 in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum, and not since the good days of Red Sanders had a Bruin squad been so thoroughly devastating. With gifted sophomore Quarterback Gary Beban running and passing like an old pro and Halfback Mel Farr storming through the embattled Cal line, UCLA just romped and romped. "Everything fell into place," said Coach Tommy Prothro.

Army started out like it was going to run over STANFORD when Quarterback Fred Ba-

continued

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rofsky's 24-yard run gave the Cadets a 7-0 lead. Then the Indians' fun began. Terry DeSylvia punted out of bounds on the one to put Army into a hole, and it never got out. In 92nd heat, Quarterback Dave Lewis lashed the weary Cadets with his options and passing, and Stanford won 31-14.

It looked like WASHINGTON was in for another drubbing when it trailed Oregon 14-7 going into the last quarter. Then Quarterback Todd Hullin came off the bench to save the day. He threw two touchdown passes and the Huskies won 24-20. OREGON STATE fared considerably better against Utah. Despite some early fumbling, the Beavers pulled ahead of the Utes 10-6 on Paul Brothers' 34-yard run and Mike Haggard's 27-yard field goal and stayed there.

Colorado State Coach Mike Lude thought he could stop unbeaten UTAH STATE with a ball-control game. He succeeded in one sense, running 74 plays to the Aggies' 53, but he lost in another: the score against him was 41-20. AIR FORCE finally came up a winner, trouncing Pacific 40-0 while Idaho, with Ray McDonald ripping off 241 yards and four touchdowns, battered Montana 35-7.

The Western AC race was getting tighter. ARIZONA STATE, an infrequent winner, upset New Mexico 27-14 as John Goodman threw four touchdown passes, dropping the Lobos into a first-place tie with WYOMING.

—MERVIN HYMAN

THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

SYRACUSE OVER PITTSBURGH Better defenses than Pitt's have not been able to stop Little.

ALABAMA OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE The Tide has a firmer line—and Sloan to throw.

FLORIDA OVER AUBURN Spurrier will pass over the Tigers' weak secondary defense.

GEORGIA TECH OVER DUKE Tech's young backs are quicker and Glacken may be out.

GEORGIA OVER NORTH CAROLINA But Georgia cannot relax. Talbot makes Carolina tough.

LSU OVER MISSISSIPPI Ole Miss is looking better, but LSU packs more punch.

NEBRASKA OVER MINNAPOLIS The Huskers should be ready for their toughest test.

PURDUE OVER ILLINOIS Illinois can score, but Grise will get Purdue more points.

OHIO STATE OVER MINNESOTA For once, sheer power prevails over good passing.

NOTRE DAME OVER NAVY The Irish are bigger, stronger and, plainly, better.

COLORADO OVER OKLAHOMA Colorado's precocious sophomores have matured faster.

STANFORD OVER WASHINGTON On defense or offense, the Indians have an edge.

WASHINGTON STATE OVER OREGON STATE The Cougars have the attack the Beavers lack.

PENN STATE OVER CALIFORNIA The Lions are improving and the Bears are bruised.

TEXAS TECH OVER RICE Tech wins the close ones and Rice has had its day.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
 IN RIGHT, 4 WRONG
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AN A+ IN SPINNAKER IS EASY AT ARDELL

by HUGH WHALL

You're never too old to learn to sail, say the young professors at California's ArdeLL Sailing School. After only a few hours of instruction on the sea there, an erstwhile landlubber like the lady at the right may even find herself acting as foredeck boss on a 67-foot ocean-racing yawl



Her fiber-glass hull glittering in the sunshine, her mainsail belled by the breeze, the 20-foot sloop boiled along, straight into a narrow cul-de-sac formed by three floats at the Ardell Marina, a shiny concrete-and-glass edifice on California's Newport Channel front. A middle-aged woman grasped the tiller, her anxious eyes gauging the rapidly shrinking distance to the end dock. Beside her, a young man half her age stood squinting, apparently indifferent to the inevitable crash. At what seemed the last possible second, he flipped the brim of his floppy hat upward and murmured a word of advice. The helmsail jammed the tiller to leeward, the sloop rounded into the wind, whizzed past one dock, barely skinned the next and fluttered to a stop alongside the third in a landing that could not have bruised an egg. On shore, about 55 hearts started beating again. The young man on the boat patted the grinning helmslady on the shoulder, and with sail full and sheets lifted once again they headed out into the channel.

Only seven teaching hours before, the woman who performed this neat nautical maneuver wrote "none"—and meant it—in answer to a question about her previous sailing experience. But such innocence is nothing new at the Ardell Sailing School, a unique institution whose campus is the Newport Channel and whose classroom is the Pacific Ocean. Aboard a fleet of 20-foot fiber-glass Cal-20s, 22-foot Pearson Ensigns, 28-foot Tritons, a 35-foot Alberg, a 40-foot Cal-40 and the elegant, powerful 67-foot yawl *Chubasco*, Ardell teaches students who never steered a boat before how to tie bowlines, set spinnakers or plot a course to Fastnet Rock.

"Sailors," says the school's prospectus, "aren't born... they're taught... not from books or lectures, but from seat-of-the-pants experience." Oldtimers brought up near the water tend to think that the only way a boy can learn about boats is to be born among them, but the founding father at Ardell thinks otherwise. "My whole idea was based on the premise that the best way for anyone to

learn to sail is by going out and sailing," says Craig Cadwalader, the 25-year-old who started the school. "I'd read about boats myself. I'd been brought up in a 12-foot Snowbird catboat. But the way I really learned was by having a better sailor show me." Cadwalader believed so profoundly in this theory that he convinced President Don Haskell of Newport Beach's sleek Ardell Marina (home port of such fancy ocean-racing craft as *Kialoa II* and *Audacious*) to let him start a school there.

The doors—or, rather, the hatches—opened in the summer of 1962, but neither Cadwalader nor Haskell was prepared for the flood of would-be sailors that poured through them. Prospective pupils came in such numbers that Cadwalader dropped out of the University of Oregon so he could run the school clear through the winter. One of the first things the seagoing headmaster did was to put an age limit on enrollment, *i.e.*, no kids. He sends applicants under 18 to the clubs and city sailing programs in the Newport Beach area. If the kids are willing to learn in conjunction with their parents he may make an exception, but

he doesn't like it. Today 30% of Ardell's students are from 30 to 40 years old, many are over 50 and a few are in their 60s.

The first lesson Cadwalader ever gave was in a 15-foot centerboarder in a smart breeze. It was very nearly his last. "The couple I was teaching were 50-year-olds," he says, "and we were halfway through the lesson when the weather should bust and over went the mast." The middle-aged students didn't mind at all. They returned for more lessons and later even bought a replica of the dismasted boat. "But after that," says Cadwalader, "we went to keel boats. People can sail them on a breezy day and concentrate on the lesson at hand without worrying about turning over."

Ardell's elementary course, Basic Sailing I, is divided into four two-hour sessions. It begins by teaching the student the difference between bow and stern, ends eight patient hours later by letting him (or her) take a 20-foot sloop into a dock under sail all by him- (or her-) self. B.S. I leads on into B.S. II, which in turn leads on into Intermediate. At the end of this, the student must pass a practical

continued



DURING A BRISK CLASSROOM SESSION STUDENTS LEARN HOW TO DOUSE A SPINNAKER

examination on rigging, sail trim, docking and helmsmanship, after which Ardell gives him a diploma attesting to his competence.

"Before we give the test," says one Ardell instructor, "we make pretty sure the student has a good chance to pass. There isn't one graduate of this school who cannot sail a boat by himself." But few Ardell alumni are content to be only B.A.s. Most want to go on to postgraduate courses like Ocean Sailing I and II or Cruising. These are conducted aboard such sophisticated craft as the Alberg 35 or the lavishly equipped Cal-40.

Tuition runs from \$50 per eight-hour course with three students participating in Basic Sailing I to \$70 for the 11-hour course in Cruising. Private lessons run \$10 an hour.

Advanced Ocean Sailing, a day-long session aboard *Chubasco* costing \$75, is Ardell's equivalent of a Ph.D. Supervised by eight instructors, every student gets a shot at the helm, sets every one of the big yawl's many sails, and gasps over the complex coffee-grinder winches. "Running downwind with *Chubby's* 3,000-square-foot chute set and a student at the wheel can at times be quite

interesting," says one young Ardell instructor. (There are some old salts around Newport who think "terrifying" would be a better word.)

At 25 Cadwalader looks like a candidate for Junior Achievement. His head sailing instructor, Tom Corkett, 23, looks more like a kindergarten truant, though he is well known as a precocious driver of ocean racers. In 1963 he became the youngest skipper ever to win the 2,225-mile Honolulu classic when he sailed his father's 40-foot *Islander* from Los Angeles to Hawaii in 13 days, 23 hours and 56 minutes. Corkett has sailed in so many races before and since then that he seldom remembers whether he won a race or only took a second or a third. At Ardell, however, he is too busy to care.

I was aboard when Corkett and instructor Vern Edler, a member of a vintage California sailing family, took a class of Ocean Sailing II students out in the Cal-40 for a session with the big spinnaker and some additional windward practice.

The class consisted of a radiologist named Bill Kimball and his blonde, short-shorted wife Dotty (who own a 28-footer but don't know how to set its spinnaker), an electronics engineer named Gordon Murphy and his teacher-wife (sailing for the first, not a lesson) and Dr. Sibley, a white-haired physician. All of the students had a casual familiarity with the names of various pieces of spinnaker gear. They knew that the spinnaker is a sail used only for running before or across the wind. They knew that the spinnaker pole is the long spar that holds the ballooning sail away from the boat, that the piece of line running from the cockpit forward to the outboard spinnaker-pole tip is called an "afterguy," that the line attached to the opposite corner of the spinnaker (the clew) is a "sheet," that the "foreguy" keeps the spinnaker pole from cocking up, the "topping lift" keeps it from drooping down. But they didn't know what to do about it all.

Their lesson began on deck at the berth with a general discussion of spinners and how to pack them properly preparatory to hoisting. Then Corkett started the engine and in the firm monotone of a practiced teacher explained the difficulty of backing an auxiliary under power. "The best way of getting under way is to walk the boat out of

slip," he said. "Walk it out real slowly about halfway." The crew walked along the dock tugging at the sloop until it stuck halfway out into the channel. "Engage the clutch and back out now," intoned Corkett as the crew, fresh out of dock, scrambled aboard. "You'll find the wind will swing your bow around." Gordon Murphy, who was at the helm, engaged the clutch and, sure enough, as the boat cleared the slip the wind caught her bow and swung it around so she was headed in the right direction.

The narrow channel through which we powered was jammed with powerboats, dinghies, catamarans, swimmers and a ferry, all craning for elbowroom. "Stay well to leeward of them," ordered Corkett, pointing at an extra-dense thicket of sails. "They're racing. You can usually tell racing boats because they all look alike," he told Murphy, who was sweating at his job.

Outside the harbor the jam was only slightly less severe, and every twitch or worried look from Murphy was excuse for Edler or Corkett to explain something new. Finally, when we were clear of all other craft, they got the main-sail hoisted, and Vern asked the Kimballs and Dr. Sibley to step over to the foredeck. "I would like you each to tie a oowine in the genoa since," he asked politely. The doctor tied a fair bowline, Dotty Kimball tied another and her husband tied something that was less bowline than cat's cradle. "Wheel!" piped Dotty, while her husband undid his tangle and redid it right. The Kimballs were an exception to the Ardell rule that husbands and wives must be segregated during lessons.

On the long beat to weather over an ocean lightly brushed by wind, everyone took a turn at the tiller. Dotty steered casually with a brown, pedicured foot. After five progressively improved tacks Corkett said it was time to get on with the spinnaker drill.

Setting a spinnaker can be a hairy proposition at best. At worst it is an escalating disaster. Ideally, the sail is hoisted in stops (*i.e.*, neatly bundled together like a string of sausages), with one corner attached to the pole, another to a line (the sheet) which, when yanked, opens the sail to the wind. As disjointed as beginners on a tandem bike, the pupils helped raise the pole, the spinnaker snaked aloft, the sheet was tugged and

continued

INSTRUCTOR Tom Corkett makes it quite clear just what part of a manual is which.

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as untemperamental as the family sedan. Corvette is a car designed for just one thing. It's to be driven—well and often, mind you—but driven. Let it sit idle on a Saturday afternoon, and you do it en injustice.

'66 CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

—surprise!—the sail burst out round and light as a bubble. Then began a question-and-answer period. "Gordon, do you think the spinnaker is setting properly?" asked Corkett. Murphy said he thought it was. Bill Kimball said he thought the pole ought to be eased forward. Then he changed his mind and said he thought it looked all right. Doty prudently fussed with a line, safely—or so she thought—out of Corkett's sight. But Corkett is a teacher who believes in total class participation. "Doty," he said, "if we had to head up 20° what would we do with the spinnaker pole?" Doty blushed and allowed as how she didn't know. Corkett explained gently that the pole would go forward to keep the wind blowing squarely into the spinnaker. Doty nodded.

If setting a spinnaker is difficult, jibbing is even more so. This is the process of bringing the big sail from one side of the boat to the other to match a change in the direction of the wind. If there is too little wind during the maneuver the sail collapses and snags on heretofore invisible projections as the spinnaker sways from port to starboard. If there is too much wind the crew finds itself wrestling a heavy-muscled wraith. This day the wind was light. Nevertheless Corkett and Edler guided the class through a pinnable, but not sharp, jibe. They jibed again, and then again and again, first end-for-end jibes as they do on small boats, then dip jibes as they make them on 12-meters and ocean racers. After five or more jibes the four pupils instinctively began to grab for the right line and call it by the right name. "Good," said Captain Bligh Corkett at last, and the crew looked as happy as kids who have learned to spell C-A-T. They chattered merrily together as they dumped the spinnaker and reset the genoa for another pull to windward. Then Corkett dropped a bomb. "Next leg," he said, "you will put the spinnaker up all by yourselves. Vern and I won't say a word unless you do something terrible." At that the teacher became the youth he really is. "I talk too much," he grinned. "I think I'll just jump overboard."

"Where," said Doty Kimball, "are the life preservers?"

The big boat reached the end of her beat, came about for the run back to Newport, and the class resumed its practice, shakily at first, then with surging

confidence. "Let's go there," commanded Doty, who was in charge of the first spinnaker setting. "Who's on the foreguy?"

"You want me to handle all these?" replied her husband, his hands dripping with lines. Doty took the foreguy herself. The spinnaker slithered smoothly up and filled flawlessly. "Who did you put on the foreguy?" asked her husband a second later. "Me," said Doty. "What's wrong?" "Oh, nothing much," said Bill with the air of an expert. "It was slack there for 10 seconds, is all."

Judging by the banter, anyone would have thought he was on a boat racing to Bermuda instead of a school ship, but the skipper of an ocean racer would have had a mutiny on his hands if he had ordered his crew to jibe as many times as the crew of the Cal-40 did. There was another marked difference: the absence of profanity. "It's like the new Army," said Dr. Sibley.

Back in Newport at the end of the lesson, the sailors piled ashore with a new swang in their legs that looked suspiciously like a swagger. They talked like Transpac veterans about sheets and guys and downhauls, and kidded one another's incompetence. It is true, of course, that no sailing school can cram years of experience into a few hours on the water, but Ardell has given its 1,500-odd pupils confidence to make up the lack. Their

cocking is so thorough that they have never lost a pupil or a boat. It would be nice to report that an Ardell graduate had won a Bermuda Race or a Star class championship or was slated to defend the America's Cup in 1967. None has yet achieved such eminence, but virtually all have become dedicated sailors.

Applications flow in from San Francisco, El Paso, Milwaukee, Chicago, Kalamazoo, Richmond, New York and points east at a steady 250 to 300 a month, from as far afield as Borneo and Vietnam. A man with a seat on the New York Stock Exchange recently flew into Newport for a brushup in Ocean Sailing. A Texan saw the school's ad in Hong Kong and applied for admission. Jane Russell was once a student, as was Gower Champion. A businessman from La Jolla was so carried away by sailing that he redecorated his office to look like a boat. And a student named Wheeler ordered a 50-foot boat for himself before he even finished his first course.

Despite the skepticism of the old salts, Cadwalader seems to be proving at Ardell that there is more than one way to learn how to sail. After all, not everyone can get himself born in a boson's chair. And as Cadwalader himself says, "Even if you never sail again, learning how is great therapy."

END



THE HEAD MAY BE FUZZY, BUT THE HAND ON THE HELM MUST BE STEADY AND SURE

Wrapped in bandages and propped in a hospital bed in Moscow, Valeri Brumet placidly played chess with his wife Marina as if nothing at all had changed (below). There was at least hope that it hadn't. Though his right leg had been fractured when a friend lost control of a motorcycle, sending them both into a tree, Russia's world champion high jumper said he expected to recover his old form.

Timbertop has a new slushie. A slushie, in case you didn't know, is a student at Australia's rough-and-ready Timbertop school who has drawn the week's dishwashing and floor-scrubbing chores, and, beginning in February, *Prince Charles* will be one. High point of the Timbertop year is a run to the top of a mountain 16 miles away and 4,300 feet up; low point is denial of permission to spend a rainy weekend camping out. Of course, there are gentler diversions; after classes boys get to feed pigs, chop wood, take six-mile ski hikes, romp up-and downhill for four miles, cook johnnycakes and boil their own bibles.

Try not to mention wires or trips to anyone in the University of Utah athletic department. Trouble with expensive accounts? No. It appears that when the Utah team was in Albuquerque recently, struggling with the

New Mexico Lobos in a muddy fourth-quarter 10-10 tie, Utah Coach Ray Nagel's telephone lines to his spotters in the press box suddenly went dead. Nagel pleaded with officials to delay the game until communication was restored. Nix, the officials said, Nagel asked if his spotter could run up and down the sidelines. No, said the officials. Finally, Lobo Coach Bill Weeks voluntarily hung up on his spotter to even things out. New Mexico was anyway, 13-00 Too late, a repairman sent to the press box discovered the reason for the break: a nonworking member of the sonpress tripped over the wires. It was Utah basketball Coach Jack Gardner.

Whatever keeps indefatigable *Satchel Paige*, age 59 and up, going ought to be bottled and sold. Satch has just become the happy father of an eight-pound 12-ounce boy, Warren James Paige. Now i Paie can just hold onto that pitching job with the Kansas City Athletics until Warren is ready to relieve him. . . .

The aftermath of all those student demonstrations brought an odd fusillade of phone calls to the Santa Fe (N. Mex.) Boys' Club. Basketball and ping-pong were repeatedly interrupted last Thursday by parents anxiously inquiring about Communist infiltration into the organization.

Seems that FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover had said the Boys' Clubs were spawned by Communists in an interview reported by an Albuquerque radio station. The parents, after some confusion, were assured that J. Edgar had said "W. E. B. Du Bois Clubs," not "de Boys Clubs."

The name of the path in London's Hyde Park was Rotten Row and the fault was lousy aim. A youthful soccer player, in a Sunday kick-about, booted the one-pound ball full into the face of a passing stroller—Sir Winston's 80-year-old widow, *Lady Spencer-Churchill*. Totally undone by it all, the teenage boys manfully sent flowers to Lady Churchill's apartment, where she was confined to bed with a broken arm.

When two of his moose-hunting buddies were stranded for 54 hours outside Moonbeam, Ont., Jim Konstanty, an old hand at rescue work, turned in another emergency save. Konstanty and three friends had flown to an island 45 miles from Moonbeam and felled one moose, but they had problems when it was time to stop shooting. Without wind, their pilot couldn't risk lugging five men and all the equipment on one takeoff. Two hunters volunteered to remain behind while Konstanty and the fourth man flew to Moonbeam. A thick fog rolled in almost immediately, and the two stranded men ate prunes, discarded fish and peppermint candy while enduring subfreezing temperatures and 35-mile-an-hour winds. Konstanty, meanwhile, finally located one nifty helicopter pilot who agreed to attempt a rescue. "The helicopter was the only one in northern Ontario," says Konstanty, "everything else was grounded." After the pilot and he had finally brought back his pals, Konstanty admitted, "This was the most important rescue job of my life." And then, in a quote right out of his baseball days with the Phillies, the former pitcher added, "But it was a team effort."

Lindy Berry, who set alltime total-offense records as a tailback at Texas Christian in the late '40s, volunteered to help out his neighborhood Peeewe League football team. The businessman-coach in charge, surveying Berry's slender build and horn-rimmed glasses, said, "No thanks. I'm waiting on a fellow to help me who knows something about the game."

That man down on the field in the striped shirt—the one pointing and yelling and throwing his handkerchief around. Isn't that the guy you sometimes see up on Capitol Hill jabbing his finger and waving his arms in the House of Representatives? Well, sure enough; that's the Hon. Sam Devine, Republican Congressman from Ohio's 12th district, who spends free weekends officiating college football games full tilt, calling them as he sees them, penalizing political friend and foe alike. Sounds precarious. "It's not too bad," Devine panted last week at the Ohio University-Miami of Ohio game in Oxford (below). "I've been called much worse names as a legislator."





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SEEN THROUGH A WINDOW IS THE DEARBORN MEETING THAT SET UP THE CABINET PLAN FINALLY ANNOUNCED THREE MONTHS LATER

An uninvited guest spills baseball's beans

Seven years ago the author eavesdropped on a secret session of club owners considering major league expansion. Here he reveals how a colleague pulled the same trick on the same people as they bumbled through aimless gab about a new commissioner. Only Walter O'Malley seemed to know what he was doing

The way the major league owners go about finding a new baseball commissioner you'd think they were hunting piranhas bare-handed. It has gone on so long now that some of the "old favorites," such as American League President Joe Cronin, are going to bed like firemen—with their shoes on and the motor running—just in case they hear their name called.

Last week they learned they would have to wait a bit longer. For the major league owners, in congress assembled, forged forthrightly to another decision—so procrastinate. They expanded committees, hauled out an organization plan set up secretly months ago so they would look as if they were doing something, now, and strenuously backpedaled on actually making a selection. It was, on the whole, another example of the By-

zantine humberling that afflicts the national game.

Meeting in Chicago, the owners took up the problem of how to avoid selecting a commissioner, but dynamically. ("What'll we tell the press?" was the question that aroused the fiercest discussion.) Their meditations took place at the beige, baroque Edgewater Beach Hotel, a lovely anachronism on the Far North lakefront. The last time the majors met at the Edgewater Beach, their entire conversation was overheard, and they threatened to sue the hotel and vowed never to return to Chicago.

But last week they were back in Chicago, back at the Edgewater Beach and back having their conversations overheard. This time the uninvited guest was George Vass, a mild-looking, bespectacled baseball writer for the *Chicago Dai-*

ly News. He arrived on Tuesday morning to look around the proposed meeting room. It was called the American Room and it was insulated from the corridor by a bank of elevators. Apparently this choice was made in an effort to frustrate enterprising reporters. But Vass made a fascinating discovery, even as his predecessor had seven years earlier: he could hear the conversations in the next room (the Illinois Room). Only the thin paneling of a door connecting the two rooms separated him from the head of the U-shaped table where the owners would gather. Stymied once by the presence of a bartender (the Illinois Room was then set up for the cocktail parties that were part of these sessions) and later by the presence of another meeting, Vass was finally able to get the Illinois Room to himself, settle down in an easy chair

next to the door, light up his pipe and listen to the mutterings of the owners.

Among the things he learned:

- That the owners voted 19-1 on Wednesday to select a man from within baseball for commissioner.

- That the much-heralded five-man cabinet for baseball—to help the commissioner do his job—which was announced that day had actually been formed by the owners three months ago. The announcement was held up until this time—when they needed to look as if they were accomplishing something.

- That the owners labored ardently for a year to cut the list of potential candidates to seven, and then last week witlessly instructed their screening committee to accept any and all new names, thus leaving things exactly where they were a year ago.

- That the screening committee had absolutely no power other than to collect nominations and relay them to the owners. It had no power to contact the men named or to find out if they wanted or would take the job. So all of the public and private toying with names was like toying with dreams.

In the end, it was the typical major league meeting: much ado about nothing. To reach the basic list of seven, the owners eliminated a few names at the discussions on Tuesday afternoon. Among them were ex-Football Coach Bud Wilkinson, Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, Columnist Bob Considine, American Football League Commissioner Joe Foss. At the opening of the final meeting on Wednesday afternoon John Fetzer of Detroit—who, with John Galbreath of Pittsburgh, had formed the screening committee—pointed out that of the seven men left, "four are in baseball and three are in other fields." That their morning vote had effectively cut nonbaseball men out of contention hardly fazed the owners. They could always vote to reverse themselves.

Very conveniently for the listening Vass, Fetzer read the list of the final seven candidates:

Stephen Ailes, former Secretary of the Army. ("When I heard his name, I didn't know who he was," says Vass.)

Eugene Zuckert, former Secretary of the Air Force.

General Curtis LeMay, retired Air Force Chief of Staff.

Joe Cronin, president of the American League.

Gabe Paul, president of the Cleveland Indians.

Bing Devine, former front-office boss at St. Louis, now assistant to the president of the New York Mets.

Lou Carroll, attorney for the National League.

But the owners could go no further. Their minds weren't on selecting a commissioner but on what the press would say when they didn't. "We started out with 150 names and after a year we've narrowed it down to seven," said one owner. "I think we could elect any one of these seven men and be confident that baseball would be well and capably served. There is no reason to wait 30 days or a year to arrive at a decision."

Another worried aloud: "We are doing baseball irreparable harm by this delay in selecting a commissioner. We have to go out and face the press and tell them that after a year since the war began, and after several meetings since then, we still have been unable to come to a decision. We've got to show the press we've accomplished something at this meeting or, gentlemen, it could be something awful for baseball."

At least the owners had the showpiece ready. In July, at their meeting in Dearborn, Mich., they had decided to supplement the commissioner's office with a staff of five men: an administrator to take care of details (such as what's happening to the game), a director of information, a director of broadcasting, a director of player affairs, a director of amateur baseball. That would free the commissioner to be only a front man, drifting elegantly about the country, smiling faintly like a wilted chrysanthemum and otherwise cultivating a supple spine. But the owners cunningly refrained from announcing the action at the July meeting. Now they instructed Fetzer to use it. At the luncheon break on Wednesday Fetzer went out to spill the long-kept secret to the press.

That left the owners with a final problem: how could they top the cabinet announcement? They had one session left, on Wednesday afternoon, and nothing to say. What to do? The answer was in the classic tradition of baseball progress. They decided to enlarge the committee, dynamically. For their part, Fetzer and John Galbreath were ready to chuck the whole thing. "John and I would be perfectly willing to step out and turn over all the records we've gathered to some-

continued





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BASEBALL Continued

one else and let them do the job," Fetzer told the owners. He also wanted to give the screening committee the power to talk to the candidates. "We are not certain of the availability of all those on the list because we have been careful not to contact them," said John Galbreath. "If a man is chosen, we just can't pick up the phone and tell him. We've got to go and interview him."

The owners thought it over and decided to give the committee the right to talk to candidates. They also added P. K. Wrigley of the Cubs and Bob Reynolds of the Angels to the committee—plus Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox and Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers as "elder statesmen" and "advisers."

If there was any coherence or continuity to the meeting, it was in the canny maneuvers of Walter O'Malley. There is strong suspicion among some men in and around baseball that O'Malley hopes to keep the issue undecided until public pressure induces a sense of panic among the owners. Then, with the owners desperate for a way out of their predicament, O'Malley will humbly offer his own candidate, the owners will fall slobberingly upon him, uttering little animal sounds of gratitude, and promptly name "O'Malley's man" as commissioner. This theory holds that O'Malley's man was not on the list of seven considered by the owners at their meeting last week, and that O'Malley's plans were endangered by the attempts of several owners to place a time limit on seeking a commissioner. He had to turn aside these threats by 1) opening up the list again to consideration of everybody, and 2) eliminating any time limit so that public pressure and owner panic could build up. He accomplished both goals with an ease which suggests that he already controls the game and that the selection of O'Malley's man as commissioner is only a formality.

His platform was a motion to allow the screening committee to interview candidates. With great skill, if not subtlety, O'Malley pushed an amendment that gave the committee the right to bring in as many new names as it wished and assured that there would be no time limit. There was earnest discussion only on the matter of a time limit. Some owners insisted the time for action was near. When the vote came, the motion—and the amendment—passed on a voice vote, with only a few scattered nays.

Two more threats to the alleged O'Malley plan developed, more or less spontaneously. One was the sudden suggestion that all the owners give their proxies to the four-man selection committee and thus endow it with complete power to select a commissioner. That would speed up the process enormously and greatly reduce the opportunity for panic. O'Malley might "advise" the committee but it seemed unlikely he could panic it. So he axed the idea as surely as an executioner. "I am for it personally," he said, "but there may be several lawyer types here who would find it contrary to the major league agreement and bylaws." And that ended that.

Then, about 10 minutes before the meeting adjourned, Bill DeWitt of Cincinnati got up to make one last valiant effort to get the owners to choose a commissioner. "I make a motion that we take an official vote on the seven candidates that have been presented to us by the screening committee," he said. "It may be that we can elect one of these men here and now." The response was thundering: DeWitt's motion "failed for lack of a second."

Through all this, George Vass was interrupted only once. In midafternoon a hotel employee ushered some potential customers into the Illinois Room, but hastily bowed out, perhaps believing that Vass was a security man guarding the door. At meeting's end Vass slipped out into the corridor, where other reporters were waiting to be told what baseball wanted them to know.

Even as Vass's story hit the streets, a three-club group in the American League was trying to figure out how to stop, or at least slow down, O'Malley. The three are Cleveland, Baltimore and Chicago. But they need a fourth club in the American League. With four standing firm, they could veto the choice of any commissioner. Seven affirmative votes are needed from each league. But nobody was sure where they would pick up the fourth club. They would like to woo Charley Finley of Kansas City, which is like wooing an unexploded bomb. In any case, Finley is still playing it cool and coy.

The comment of a Chicago business executive summed up public reaction to all this foolishness and foot-dragging. "The best friends that pro football has," he said, "are the owners of major league baseball."

END



Greater club control is achieved when the right forefinger is pressed firmly against middle finger (arrow).

In most discussions of the golf grip excessive attention is paid to how many knuckles should be visible or which eyeball the Vs should point at, and too little to how the fingers should actually be placed on the shaft. Take the so-called trigger finger of the right hand, for instance. Many players, more through carelessness than by design, put their right hand on the club as if they were actually pulling a trigger. In other words, the trigger finger is stretched away from the middle finger (right). To my way of thinking, this is a mistake. A good grip has the hands working together; they are not two separate entities fighting for control of the club. The more space the hands take up, the more difficult it will be for them to work together. The less space, the more control they will be able to exercise. So resist the temptation to reach for a trigger the next time you grip a club. Keep all of your fingers snugly together.

*Grip it like
a club,
not a rifle*



FRANCIS GOLDEN

The hands tend to work against one another if the trigger finger is stretched away from middle finger.

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Backdoor entry to center stage

For the first time in 13 years a country other than Italy, Great Britain or France will represent Europe in the World Championship team matches when the 1966 Bermuda Bowl event is played in St. Vincent, Italy next May. Previously Sweden, in 1953, and Sweden-Iceland, in 1950, were the only teams to break the bridge monopoly of Europe's big three. Now Holland has qualified for the championship matches.

The Netherlands team made its way into the World Championship event by the back door. The Dutch failed to win the European Championship in Ostend, finishing second to Italy, which took the title even though the Italians fielded an experimental team. But since Italy, as defending World Champion, had already clinched a place in the Bermuda Bowl, Europe's place went to the runner-up, Holland's six-man team of Blitzblum-Rijkse, Kreyns-Slavenburg and Boender-Oudshoorn.

For a while it seemed that no one wanted to win the European title. France,



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♣ 3

EAST

♠ A 8 7
♥ K 10 5 4 3
♦ 7 2
♣ A 10 5

SOUTH

♠ K J
♥ A J 6
♦ A K J 4
♣ K 9 7 6

NORTH

(H/S) (West)

PASS

2 ♠

PASS

EAST

(S/S) (West)

PASS

1 ♠

PASS

SOUTH

(S/S) (West)

PASS

3 N.E.

PASS

WEST

(S/S) (West)

PASS

Opening lead 10 of spades

the pretournament favorite since both Britain and Italy fielded makeshift line-ups, held the lead briefly after three rounds of play. But the Dutchmen, who had indicated they might be dangerous by shutting out Italy 6-0 in the second round, blitzed both France and Poland the next day and took over the lead after the fifth round. They couldn't hold it. In the next four matches the Dutch won only once and fell into a fourth-place tie with the Italians as Great Britain took over the lead. Then they recovered, scoring four successive shutouts to wrap up second place behind Italy, which had staged a late rally of its own to finish in first place.

This week's hand helped the Dutch crush favored Poland. Look at only the North and East cards.

I have reconstructed the bidding as it might have gone: my records of the match state only that South reached three no trump at both tables and both West players opened the 10 of spades. How would you have defended if you were East?

The Polish East won the trick with the spade ace. South dropped the jack, and East continued spades. South won and cleared clubs. The defenders collected two more spade tricks, but these were not enough to stop the game, and as soon as declarer got the lead he had the rest.

Comelis Slavenburg, playing East for Holland, stopped to figure that his side could not win more than three tricks in the spade suit. Even if South had started with queen-jack alone, North's 6 of spades would furnish a fourth-round stopper. So, instead of blindly continuing spades, East shifted to a low heart. (The heart 10 would have been still better.) South could not win this trick without setting up more heart losers than he could afford. When he ducked, West won with the queen. With one heart trick home, West could afford to shift back to spades, knocking out South's king. Then he established the club suit, and when he led a club, East grabbed the ace and led a spade to give his partner the setting tricks.

The Dutch players do not play any complex systems, but they are aggressive bidders whose preemptive tactics can upset even the toughest opponents, as indeed they did in the European Championships. **END**



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A POP ANGLER'S GUIDE TO FISHING WITH COFFEEPOTS AND



OTHER ORIGINAL LURES

BY BIL GILBERT

Ever land a trout with a kayak paddle or hook one with a cigarette butt? Ever maneuver a canoe underneath a leaping 21-inch bass? Well, the author has. His unique methods may cause purists to beat their fishhooks into swords, but they'll get a spirited battle from the coffee-kettle brigade



It was the work of a moment to unplug our bag, swing in ahead of the dazed fish and scoop them up in our 12-cup coffee pot.

CONTINUED

I have always considered myself a fisherman. This morning, for example, I have been out chumming black-nosed dace into a seine and have already caught 162 of them, more than a day's supply for our household raccoons, shrews and fish crow. It is true that these are not very large fish—trophy dace run about 4½ inches—but they are ever so game. A big bull dace will muscle his way right between the interstices of mesh if you don't get the net out of the water smartly.

Catches like this, which I have been making for many years, have led me to believe that I am a fisherman, yet I admit that for a long time I seem to have been drifting farther and farther out of the angling mainstream. I have fished and I have caught fish, but I have been sneered at by other fishermen because I do not fish for the right things at the right time in the right way. In fact, if you go to many of my fishing friends they will tell you flatly, patronizingly, "Bill does not fish." Until recently I never contradicted them, realizing that according to their high artistic standards—a black curmudgeon hackle is used only between 7:30 and 9 a.m. on eastward-flowing streams—I did not fish. Recently, however, I have ceased to be shy and sensitive about my fishing. Good, approved-of High Fishing, as I understand it, means catching fish in sporty ways. This being the case, I now see myself as having gone so far out that I am in. After all these defensive years I am now holding my head up proudly as an avant-garde angler, an innovator of style and technique. As Dick Tracy is now to serious art, I am to fishing—the first of the Pop Anglers. No longer do I feel it necessary to hide my fishing experiences. Rather, it seems to me that, for the betterment of the whole sport, I must make my position known.

I started fishing 35 years ago in a shallow, reedy Michigan lake, on the shore of which I more or less grew up. In those days and in that place the conventional way to fish was to anchor a rowboat, throw out a line tied to a long cane pole, sit back and wait for a fish, whose presence would be indicated by the agitation of a red cork bobber. The object of a morning spent in this fashion was to catch a dozen or so bluegills, maybe a bass or pickerel, to eat for supper.

Even in those days I was made restless by the academic restrictions of the Fishing Establishment. So restless was I that most older, more serious fishermen would not take me in their rowboats. This did not fill my childhood with the bitter wine of frustration but rather with relief. I did not really enjoy sitting on a hard seat staring at a piece of cork as intently as a mystic at a point of flame.

However, our family had a mania for competition, and thus it was that among other curious contests we always held a Fourth of July fishing tournament. The rules were simple: two people fished together as a team, their score being computed on the basis of total inches caught, but the

play was fierce. (It marks a child to find his great-grandfather trying to stretch another inch out of a bluegill with two pairs of pliers.) Because feeling ran so high, I had no chance of being chosen as a fishing partner, and I never was. But regardless of what the family record book shows, my partner and I won the 1938 fishing contest, and in so doing I for the first time suffered the unreasoning barbs of angling's purists.

My partner was a large, shaggy Airedale named Mike. Like myself, Mike was a pariah among polite anglers. Hour after hour, summer after summer, he would gallop through the shallow offshore waters trying to catch carp, bullheads, frogs and turtles. If a line, a bobber or even a boat got in his way, he simply ran over the obstacle. He was a happy, dedicated fisherman, though he never caught much working alone, and neither did I. But together we were effective. Our favorite spot was not the lake at all but a small, narrow, bush-draped outlet creek. Though beneath contempt as far as serious fishermen were concerned, this little stream teemed with aquatic game. Mike and I went there mostly for turtles and mud puppies, species which we both found more interesting than mere fish. Our method was for Mike to tromp through the stream, barking wildly to flush out the creatures, which I would then grab.

On July 4th, 1938, Mike and I, both unselected—to put it kindly—for the fishing contest, took ourselves off to this creek. I had a large butterfly net and Mike his unquenchable enthusiasm for pursuing water varmints. We went to a place where the creek was partially blocked by the roots of a large pin oak. I put the butterfly net across this narrow chute, and Mike began moving downstream toward me, floundering, thrashing, diving in the muck. In an hour or so we had netted, among other things, four goodish largemouth bass, two carp and a bowfin, a large prehistoric-looking type which, so help me, is called in southern Michigan a dogfish.

Though our total inches were twice those of the nearest competitor—the carp alone almost was enough to win—our record was disallowed. "It doesn't count. They didn't catch them," stormed the traditionalists. So here was the beef that has plagued me through the years. To say that Mike and I had not caught anything, or that what we had caught were not fish, was plainly at odds with evidence. We looked like we had fish, and we smelled like we had fish. But fishermen are like thought police—two and two are five. We had not caught fish because we had not caught fish as other fishermen had tried to catch them. The rules committee agreed that the seven carcasses we submitted were nonfish and stuck to their decision even after they had eaten our four bass.

As time passed and I got out of the southern Michigan provinces, I met more worldly fishermen—those with old, frail-looking poles, delicate, expensive reels, hats stuck full

continued



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of okapi-skin lures. Such people, I found, regarded fishing with a bobber and cane pole as scornfully as my family did fishing with an Airedale. Yet even these sophisticates were not sufficiently advanced to understand and admire my style.

One such high fisherman was a newspaper editor. He and I were fairly close acquaintances, but he stopped speaking to me in August 1952 after hearing an account of one of my most successful fishing trips. This chap, whom we shall call Dryden Flye, had been away to a fancy school where, among other things, he had learned about trout and when to whisper reverently, "The hatch is on." (One is not born with a taste for High Fishing. It is an acquired habit like wearing velvet collars, drinking martinis on the rocks and reading T. S. Eliot.)

Meeting Dry one day in the early summer, I told him that my wife and I were planning a canoe trip down the Pere Marquette River, a clear, swift stream in western Michigan. The Pere Marquette has a fast enough current and enough mild rapids to make a float trip on it one of the most pleasant, effortless experiences imaginable. Also it has the reputation of being one of the premier trout rivers of the upper Midwest. Dry Flye was all praise for our trip until told that the principal purpose, other than simply to float along the river, was to look for goshawk nests—that we were not taking rods, not even cane poles. The thought of spending a week on the Pere Marquette without so much as a length of monofilament filled Dryden Flye with a disgust that he expressed quite openly. Thus it was with considerable pleasure that I reported back to him after the trip that we had caught a lot of trout after all. As I told Dryden, I have nothing against fish in their proper place, which is in a frying pan with plenty of butter, so long as I can get them there without going through the slow, square business of impaling them on the end of a hook. On the Pere Marquette we were able to get fish easily and eat them three days running. Since fishermen, like Arab poets, are always talking about fate, I suppose there is no harm in admitting that it was luck, not planning, that enabled us to do so well. Our good fortune consisted of starting downstream at about the same time as did two officers of the Michigan Conservation Department. They were poling a scow holding tanks containing hatchery-reared trout, which they periodically dumped over the side of their boat by the bucketful. Neither we nor the game wardens were much interested in speed, and therefore our two craft drifted downstream close together, giving us a fine opportunity to observe and profit from the stocking operation. One phenomenon we immediately noted was that a hatchery trout, unexpectedly dumped into a cold, swift-flowing stream, acts very much like a canoeist will under the same circumstances. The trout is immediately chilled, befuddled and frightened. In such a state of shock he has no interest in eating okapi-skin-covered hooks or any other exotic lure that anglers may present to him. However, these shivering,

displaced fish were imminently vulnerable to our more sophisticated techniques. It was the work of a moment to unpack our cooking bag, swing in a beam of one of these dazed fish and scoop him up in a 12-cup coffee-pot. For three days we had only to wait until just before mealtime, then lean over the thwart and draw a couple of quarts of fresh trout.

It seemed to us that this was exciting, modern fishing, but it did not strike Dryden Flye that way when he heard our story. I expected him to be a little envious of our good luck, but the very last words Dry ever spoke to me were, "There should be laws against people like you."

Fishing for trout from a canoe with a coffee-pot marked, I believe, the turning point in my career as a truly creative angler. After Dryden Flye's stuffy reaction, I decided to turn my back on the whole arid, arbitrary Fishing Establishment. But I had to wait several years until another opportunity arose to advance the cause of free-form fishing. The chance came one afternoon on the Shenandoah River

continued



The rules committee said that the seven carcasses were nymphs.

while I was on another canoe trip with a fellow we can identify as Red Popper. Actually, it was not much of a canoe trip, since Red was a fanatical bass fisherman. A weakness for bass has ruined more of my old canoe friends than obesity and wives put together. Taking a fisherman on a canoe trip is like trying to hurry a child through a carnival. A fisherman in a canoe is always lagging behind, absentmindedly getting stuck on rocks, drifting obviously into rapids and having to be rescued.

On the Shenandoah, Red and I were each using a canvas foldboat and paddling solo, for a canoeist will not paddle tandem with a known fisherman any more than he will share a canoe with a pyromaniac, a drunk or a photographer. By late afternoon we had, in painful stages, reached a section of the river that canoeists call the Staircase and fishermen call Great Bass Water. The Staircase is a three-mile stretch just above the confluence of the Shenandoah and the Potomac, where narrow ledges of rock cross the river-bed at intervals of 50 feet or so. This formation creates a sort of natural slalom run, a series of rapids and rocks that must be watched carefully to be both appreciated and avoided. Unfortunately, the ledges also back the water up into a maze of small pools and flumes, each of which, according to the mythology of local bassmen, harbors enormous fish.

Once into the Staircase, no amount of wheedling, threatening, pleading, or even backwatering could keep Red in sight. Nevertheless, as I threaded through the rapids, I kept looking backward, trying to be sure I would see him when he capsized. While looking over my shoulder, I heard a startling grinding sound from the front of my kayak. My first thought was that I had got what do-gooders usually get—a hole in my canoe from trying to be my fisherman's keeper. However, investigation proved that what I had really got was a 21-inch bass that had leaped out of the shallow water into the foldboat, where he was now lunging about noisily. To restrain the beast from punching a hole in the canvas with his wicked-looking dorsal fin, I strung him on the bow painter. Then, pulling up on a flat rock, I draped my catch over the side of the boat and struck a studied, casual pose as Red finally came into sight.

I knew how the conversation would go and was not disappointed:

"My God! Put him back in the water!"

"Put him back, hell. I'm going to put him in the frying pan. There's more to him than a hot dog, which is what we'd have to eat if we were depending on you."

"You can't eat that fish!"

"Just watch me, old buddy."

"But you didn't catch him. Bass like that are for sportsmen."

Red was overwrought, perhaps subconsciously feeling

that he was a victim of technological displacement. Therefore I let his last needle pass, but he was, of course, dead wrong in his implication. Catching bass with a canoe rather than from it is a real sport, requiring split-second timing, a cool head and a steady hand. Since that afternoon in the Staircase I have taken three more legal-size bass in canoes, and for those who may wish to take up this challenging pastime the following technical information is provided. First, you must have the proper equipment. After some experimentation, I recommend the same rig in which I took my first bass—a canvas kayak. A foldboat is low enough to fit nicely under a leaping fish, and the decking holds him once he is in. The gunwales on a Canadian-style canoe are too high for good bass-catching. Aluminum and fiber-glass canoes have too much spring. Because of this I lost what I believe would have been a canoe-bass record on the Susquehanna River. As a monstrous fish leaped, I pushed the bow of a 15-foot aluminum model under him. He came down straight and true but rebounded from the metal floor like a Russian gymnast and disappeared back in the river. It was a heartbreaking experience, but of course it is the big ones that get away that keep us canoe fishermen coming back for more.

The best time to fish with a canoe is early evening. The setting sun seems to blind bass, giving the paddler a better shot at them. The proper paddling maneuver for, so to speak, raising a fish is a splashy sweep stroke delivered with a beaver-tail paddle. Properly executed, bass cannot resist this action.

Canoe fishing is a real thrill sport, but I do not want to misrepresent it as a means of catching fish in large numbers. However, I am told by fishy friends that low yield should not discourage me. Leading fishing metaphysicians now hold that the fewer fish a man catches the better a fisherman he is. This seemingly paradoxical view has been explained to me at some length by another friend, M.T. Creel, a fanatical trout fisherman. M.T. is a punist and a power in something called Trout Unlimited. The principal plank of the TU platform is to encourage real fishermen to fish a lot but when they catch a fish, even a legal-size one, to throw it back. The boys in Trout Unlimited reason that if everyone does this there will be—well, there will be trout unlimited.

Naturally, someone with M.T.'s outlook and a fishing hipster like myself are different breeds. However, we still see M.T. every spring, because through our front yard, a sloping bit of land in the central Pennsylvania highlands, there flows a stream in which brook and rainbow trout, if not unlimited, are plentiful. This stream and the trout therein were plugged hard by the real estate agent who sold us the place six years back. Fortunately for the salesman, we are broadminded, willing to tolerate a bunch of fish in our stream.

As it has turned out, these trout, except for drawing fishermen, bother us very little. Sometimes we go months on end never remembering they are there. Not so, of course,



*Reaching down gently with the paddle, I
slipped the tip of one blade under the trout
and flipped him onto the lawn.*

with people like M.T. He shows up every May with \$500 worth of mysterious equipment, carefully designed to enable him not to catch trout elegantly. I was delighted to have M.T. on hand as a witness, weak-minded as he is, when one day last spring I pushed my canoe-fishing system to its ultimate.

Our stream also serves as a swimming hole. Below the house there is a movable dam, which when raised to its full height backs the water up into a pool 80 feet long and six feet deep. Trout are free to use the pool, but we do not cater to them, and when the dam is raised it plays havoc with their social life. Trout below the dam are unable to visit trout above it, but it takes them a long time to learn this. Downstream trout come to the six-foot barricade and will tenaciously try to leap it. They will keep trying until they lie panting and wheezing in the spillway. I had often observed this behavior but thought little more about it than to note that it proves what nonfishermen have always known—while trout are tasty, they are short on brains. One day, however, while M.T. was splashing about the creek artistically not catching fish, it occurred to me that these stupid trout offered a chance to do something quite gaudy in the way of avant-garde angling.

A large, silly rainbow was at the moment resting at the

foot of the dam, after having spent 15 minutes vainly trying to jump the barrier. Looking from the trout to M.T. to a canoe rack that stands on the house side of the stream, I experienced a genuine eureka moment. Going to the boat rack, I selected a well-balanced, 12-foot kayak paddle, a double blade, both ends of which were slightly scoop-shaped. Reaching down gently with this fine instrument, I slipped the tip of one concave blade under the trout, which lay fanning itself like a Victorian matron who has just been frightened by a mouse. As deftly as a bear gulling a salmon, I flipped the fish high in the air over the dam onto the lawn. This was it, canoe fishing without a canoe. You cannot do more. Smiling with restrained modesty I turned to accept M.T.'s congratulations. Unfortunately, he was totally speechless and remained so while I carried the trout in to the frying pan.

Among the many efforts that have been made to discredit my New Fishing theorems and to smear me personally, bad-mouthing agents of the Fishing Establishment have claimed that I have no finesse. The slander is that though I sometimes overpower fish with a dog, coffeepot, canoe or kayak paddle, I never outsmart them. This charge rankles, for even the hint that one cannot think better than a fish constitutes character assassination. Therefore it gave me

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POP ANGLER continued

great pleasure, just a few weeks ago, to finally lay this lie by its heels.

In the late summer the creek goes down, and our swimming hole becomes the only sizable pool of water in the neighborhood. This attracts trout and, inevitably, fishermen. However, under the conditions that now prevail I do not mind the fishermen and am even ready to eat with them. (If I had an unmarried sister, they could marry her, for all of me.) The problem is that by August there are so many trout in our swimming pool—we had seven rainbows and four brooks this year—that they interfere with my serious fishing for black-nosed dace. As I said earlier in this essay, we need a steady supply of these minnows, about a hundred a day, for four raccoons, one fish crow who will not fish for himself, and a smattering of shrews. Ordinarily, catching dace is not a difficult task. You simply throw out a net, churn well with bread—Mother Slonaker's Super Creamy Vitamin Enriched Loaf is the best, I have found—and then haul in on the net lines. However, in midsummer, with all the trout milling around the pool, the minnows never get a chance at the bread. If they try for a chum ball, they get knocked on their tails by greedy rainbows. It is for this reason, the hope that they can clean out the verminous trout, that fishermen are welcome at this time of year. Unfortunately, they can't cut the mustard. They are too far gone on the it's-not-whether-you-catch-or-don't-catch-but-how-you-play-the-line jazz to be effective fish exterminators.

Matters finally came to a head when the fisherman on duty was a colonel, USMC (ret). He had fished according to the code in troubled waters from Saigon to Santo Domingo. At our pool he tried his okapi lures, purple grackle hackles, things that looked like rabbits' feet and objects crafted by witch doctors. In desperation he tried canned corn, cheese nibbles and pickled salmon eggs. But though he was forced to stand back a good distance from the pool to keep from getting splashed by the trout that were coveting through my dace nets, the colonel could not catch a fish. The

obvious difficulty—beyond the fact that the colonel's tackle, like all that of most modern fishing purists, was designed not to catch fish—was that the trout had grown accustomed to bread. Even a fish is not so stupid as to want to take a piece of dead okapi when, if he hangs around for awhile, he is sure of getting a few nibbles of Mother Slonaker's finest. When it was suggested that the colonel try a little Vitamin Enriched, he refused rather stiffly. "There are some things a fisherman will not do," he said, standing tall and proud.

Being a freethinking fisherman who will try anything, I borrowed the colonel's flimsy rod, only to find out that, while bread bait may not be immoral, it was in this case impractical. Mother Slonaker's loaf was so creamy good that it simply melted off the hook, and the trout would gobble it up as it drifted toward the bottom of the pool. At this point a conventional fisherman would have given up, but not an sconeclast with a fish crow to feed. Looking around for a bread substitute, I could hardly fail to see the piles of cigarette butts with which the colonel, while nervously dueling the trout, had littered the bank of the pool. Fortunately, he smoked Brand X, a filtered flag, suitably safe and masculine for a marine. Breaking off a firm, fibrous, buoyant filter, I put it on the hook and threw it in the water. A rainbow immediately rose, trout-flipped the butt, swallowed it and was pulled out on the grass.

"Throw that $\$57\frac{1}{2}$ fish back in the '\$5&+5&67' water," bellowed the colonel, reverting in his shock to his Parris Island manners. He looked as if he might explode.

"Put it back? I'm trying to get them out of here," I said.

"You," the colonel said coldly, as if dealing with some dirty Comsymp, "took that trout on a cigarette."

It was, I believe, my finest fishing hour. I felt I was compleat, and I now saw myself for what I truly am, a prophet scorned, who nonetheless will lead the Fishing Establishment kicking and screaming into the bright promise of the post-Walton world.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DOGS' DAY

Sirs:

After seeing the Georgia-Michigan game, your John Underwood must have been very sad that his favorite team, which indisputably is Michigan, failed to win (*Not Just an Old Sweet Song*, Oct. 11). Then to add insult to injury you made him write an article on the upset. We in Athens realize that there are other great football teams besides our own, but the Georgia Bulldogs are playing their hearts out for us this year and we're proud of them. Underwood apparently doesn't share our openhearted respect. His article is spotted with insulting remarks, like his ridiculous joke about how the Bulldogs are people who can't tie their ties or get their pants straight. As for the name of our linebacker, Jiggy Smaha, that's his business just as Michigan Coach Bump Elliott's name is his business.

What really gets me is that your publication is selling like canned snot down here. The newsstands were raided the first day SI was out, and it's still hard to find a copy. Why? It's because these people are so happy their team rated a feature article they don't care what you assigned to write it. They read the results fast and the compliments slow. Funny thing about us dumb Southerners, we ain't too smart like you folks up there on the magazine.

ERNEST T. WYATT

Athens, Ga.

Sirs,

I realize that to some of the more illiterate members of the elite class north of the Mason-Dixon Line your article on the Georgia-Michigan game would seem to be humorous. Perhaps now, after this so-called upset, they will think twice when the Dogs hit the field.

JAMES R. WYLAND JR.

Athens, Ga.

Sirs:

Georgia's victory over Michigan reaffirmed one fact, the Southeastern Conference is king. If Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana State, Kentucky and Mississippi State did not play each other, all six would be nationally ranked.

JOHN HARLAN

Patterson, La.

THE DEFENDERS

Sirs:

Re your article on "the best defender in college football" (*There's No Show Biz like Nobis*, Oct. 18), Tommy Nobis of Texas certainly didn't "strut" anyone in the Arkansas game. In fact, I didn't see big No-

60 before, during or after any of the key plays throughout the entire game.

JOSEPH P. BURKE

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Your statement that Nobis of Texas is "the best defender in college football" is either made naively or without the incomparable pleasure of watching defenders like Michigan State's Bubba Smith, Harold Lucas and George Webster tear up the opposition.

R. G. OANA

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' portrayal of Tommy Nobis was a well-written piece, handing the Texas linebacker all the plaudits due him, with one exception. Nobis may be the best lineman (since he's a standout blocker), but he couldn't possibly be the best defender of all time. There is an ornerier hombre north of the Red River. He is Linebacker Carl McAdams of Oklahoma.

GLENN STONE

Norman, Okla.

SURFDOM

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI and Gilbert Rogin from another beach-town housewife and mother on one of the few sensible articles on surfing and surfers ever published (*An Old Sport and an Unusual Champion*, Oct. 18).

MRS. HARRY POWELL

Corpenter, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article on surfing was certainly enjoyable reading. However, I am left with the impression that the article is sensationalized and does not give one a truly objective viewpoint of surfing. I am sure that I speak for many who surf only for the fun of the sport and for the recreational opportunities it allows. These people are not concerned with the manliness or the cultishness or the radicalism that may be attached to the sport by some, but merely enjoy being in the water and having a good time while there.

CHARLES L. KNIBEL

Sunset Beach, Hawaii

Sirs:

You have quoted two of the so-called celebrated big-wave riders on their opinion of big-wave riding. Well, I, too, am a big-wave rider, and this is my opinion of them.

Walt Hoffman says it is impossible to ride a wave over 30 feet only because he has never ridden a wave over 30 feet. Does Randy Matson take it easy and put the shot only 60 feet just because his com-

petitors are having trouble reaching 55 feet?

As for Mr. Van Dyke's comment that "big-wave riders are scared people," he only speaks for himself. It is true that many people who ride big waves are trying to prove that they can do it, and they may be scared, but they are not true big-wave riders. Guys who get up at 5 a.m. to surf before work, or guys who spend as much as 13 or 14 hours in big surf in a single day, are not afraid of riding big waves.

Speaking as probably the most celebrated big-wave rider in the Islands, I do ride big waves for the challenge and the excitement, which can be compared to nothing else, but I mainly ride big waves for pure enjoyment. I intend to ride a 50-foot wave at Kaena Point only to prove that it can be done.

CHARLIE GALANTO

Honolulu

Sirs:

I admire Miss Joyce Hoffman's dedication to the sport of surfing, but I cannot admire her attitude toward the geographical distribution of people. We may be island, but we're not jerks.

WYATT ANGELO

Hinsdale, Ill.

Sirs:

There is more to it than your story shows. I sought beauty and found it in the fascinating perfection of a breaking wave.

I sought fellowship and found it in a group of surfers huddled together, outside, waiting for another wave.

I sought harmony and found it when I joined together with a curling wave.

I sought a meaning for life and found it when I ventured helplessly among the towering giant waves of Makaha. I was no match for their awesome power but, with courage and the confidence that comes from overcoming one's fear and ineptitude, I got a brief glimpse of glory.

I sought God and found Him easily there in the waves and people of surfing.

CHARLES H. QUINN

San Francisco

Sirs:

Surfing is a poor excuse for a sport, and your article was lacking.

BOB APPLETON

Stanford, Calif.

BIG WHEELS

Sirs:

Thank you for the wonderful article on bicycle racing (*Two Days of Torment on Wheels*, Oct. 4). We in Texas especially appreciate your lines about Bob Weedin, Second Lieutenant, USAF, a dedicated cyclist

who always gives his best. He is the Texas road champion and finished second in the Texas track championship. In the three weeks prior to the North American championship he was involved in two bad spills and had his bike wrecked by a truck in one. He had the wheels of a new bike bent in a spill during the nationals. In the last stage of the Colorado race, after his rear tire went flat at the top of the hill coming to the finish line, he ran some five-odd miles to the beginning of the pavement and then rode off the seat (to keep his weight forward so the rear wheel would not collapse again) the rest of the way to the finish line, another five miles. Riding off the seat for this distance might be compared to running up the stairs to the top of the Empire State Building.

We in Texas are proud of our champ.

BILL NICKONOVITZ

Irving, Texas

Sirs:

Harold Peterson twice mentions that the cyclists were stopped during the race by state troopers. It seems to me that if the police departments and state troopers would help rather than hinder events such as the North American Bicycle Championship our riders would have a much better chance to gain the experience needed for international competition. The minor sports have a hard time of it in any case, and they need all the help they can get.

A few minutes' delay of local traffic, police protection and permission to use the roads for this type of event would be one of the biggest boosts that cycling could receive. In the state of Oregon any speed contest on public roads is prohibited. This makes all of our bicycle races technically illegal. Because of these and other factors, the increase of traffic on all roads, the closing of many roads to any cycling at all, etc., the plight of the amateur bicyclist is reaching major proportions. And all this just at a time when the sport is finally catching on and we are producing riders of Olympic caliber.

The bicyclists are ready; it is up to the legislatures and the law enforcement agencies to provide the help and protection that we need.

DONALD R. CUREY

Portland, Ore.

BOB

Sirs:

After reading your article on the San Francisco 49ers (*The 49ers Get Hot*, Oct. 11) I am sure you will win the humor award of the year. The statement that the 49er fan is "the best mannered, least excitable in pro football" is the funniest I have ever read.

I have attended many 49er games and have gotten the distinct impression that I was in Rome and that John Brodie was a dying gladiator. Among other things, John was booed more than I have ever seen anyone booed before. He was showered with beer

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

case at half time and, no matter what happened, Brodie was a "bum."

HOWARD NILES

DAVIS, Calif.

NO. 27

Sir:

You suggest that Ken Willard of the 49ers is the best rookie pro runner. This is plain silly.

As you should know, the best is Tucker Frederickson of the Giants. As you say, after two games Willard was second in NFL rushing with 125 yards. What you didn't say was that Tucker was third with 124 yards, and that he had a 57-yard touchdown run called back because of a clip on the other side of the field. After the third game Tucker was still third behind Tom Mason. Willard was far down on the list. And let us not forget the fearsome front line behind which Tucker operates: Ronnie Brown, Bonkie Bolin, Bob Scholter, Dave O'Brien and Pete Case.

ROBERT COOK

New York City

Sir:

Ken Willard probably chose to play with the San Francisco 49ers because he knew he could play with them. He would have been lucky to have made one of the AFL teams, and he certainly would not be the No. 2 ground-gamer in the league. One of these days men like Willard and Miale will wake up to the fact that the NFL and AFL are already on a par.

WARREN GILMAN

Buffalo

Sir:

As a fan of both the NFL and the AFL, I would like to try to explain to Mr. Bill Price (19th Hour, Oct. 11) why the Packers have not signed many of their top draft choices in recent years. The quality of the AFL is rapidly approaching that of the NFL, but they are not yet equal. Each year a large number of college players is drafted, and thus the percentage of those who will make good is small. For this reason many of the players drafted by both leagues choose the AFL, where they feel their chances of staying with the team are greater.

So in truth the Packers haven't failed to sign their drafts because the AFL is better, but because it is not yet as good. It's just that the draftees have chosen to go with the team they think will be better for them. Also, because of the thinking of the new players, I feel the two leagues will soon be equal in quality, and I hope that in the near future teams from both leagues will be opposing each other on the field and not just in the arguments of the fans.

ROSS BRAY

New Haven, Conn.

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